

H Y M N S
ON A
V A R I E T Y
OF
DIVINE SUBJECTS.

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A B E R D E E N :

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P R E F A C E.

AS the duty of praise is so essential a part of divine worship, and has the stamp of divine authority so evidently impressed upon it ; 'tis no wonder that it has still been allowed to hold a distinguished place amidst the exercises of religion : and that no age has proved so degenerate, in which there have not been found a faithful few to celebrate the praises of the KING OF KINGS, even in this distant province of his wide empire.

THE R E appears to have been several spiritual songs very early in use among his worshippers, even before the sweet singer of Israel tuned his harp to the sound of his inspired compositions. These devout raptures of the royal psalmist's pious heart were, according to the opinion of some, received by the old-testament church, as a far more compleat and extensive collection of sacred poems than had been vouchsafed to the people of GOD in any former age.— But tho' these his sublime and divinely-inspired sentiments were so highly and justly prized, in the twilight of christianity, it cannot hence be inferred, that we who live under the noon-tide ray of gospel-light, must be entirely confined to the use of them.— Much has been said by many eminent writers, to shew the impropriety of obliging the disciples of JESUS to learn all their songs of praise to Him, their DIVINE REDEEMER, within the schools of Moses, and the Prophets.

AND surely at first view it must appear unreasonable to wrap up under the veil of the Mosaic dispensation those warmest powers of the soul, which should be encouraged to sally out and dwell with delight on the many bright and ravishing subjects of contemplation and praise, which are every where to be met with among the later and still more interesting transactions of new testament times.

IN consequence of what has been advanced on this subject, the present age seems to aspire after a christian-like freedom in this solemn part of worship, which has so much of heaven in it, and is intended to fit the expectants of it for the land of praise.

SEVERAL attempts have been made of late years to improve our psalmody: and yet when we consider the vast extent of the subject, its inconceivable importance to mankind, and how delightful a field the plan of redemption spreads to view; 'tis surprizing that more has not been done in that way; especially when many subjects, dry and uninteresting, are every day canvassed, and almost exhausted by the un-wearied efforts of genius.— Also when so loud a cry has been raised of late, thro' many corners of our national church, for the reformation of our music in the praises of the sanctuary; it might have been expected that frequent attempts would have been made, to enlarge the matter of our psalmody, by an addition of new-testament hymns, suited to these days of clearer light, and superior advantages, vouchsafed to us above former ages.

BUT tho' the author of the following hymns earnestly wishes to see such a design carried into execution, he is far from presuming to recommend them as fit to answer an end so important: they are intended to move in a lower sphere, and are offered to the publick, with a view to assist the friends of J E S U S, amidst their serious moments, in expressing the devout breathings of their souls “to him that “loved them, and wash'd them from their sins in his “blood.” Tis hoped also, that the use of them in families may be attended with no impropriety, and they are hereby particularly recommended to the families in that congregation, to which the author's ministerial labours are confined.

IN composing these hymns, choice has been made of the most practical subjects, and such as the devout soul is aptest to dwell upon, amidst its more solemn hours. And as the name of the blessed J E S U S is precious, and like “oint-“ment poured forth” to all his sincere disciples, 'tis presumed

sumed the serious reader will not censure the author as tedious, for having dwelt so long on the incarnation, the life, the death, the resurrection, the ascension, and the second coming of our adored REDEEMER, these being the grand and affecting subjects which fill up the half of this small volume : the other part consists of some serious thoughts on the shortness of time, on death, eternity, &c. with a few paraphrases on particular passages of scripture interspersed. —

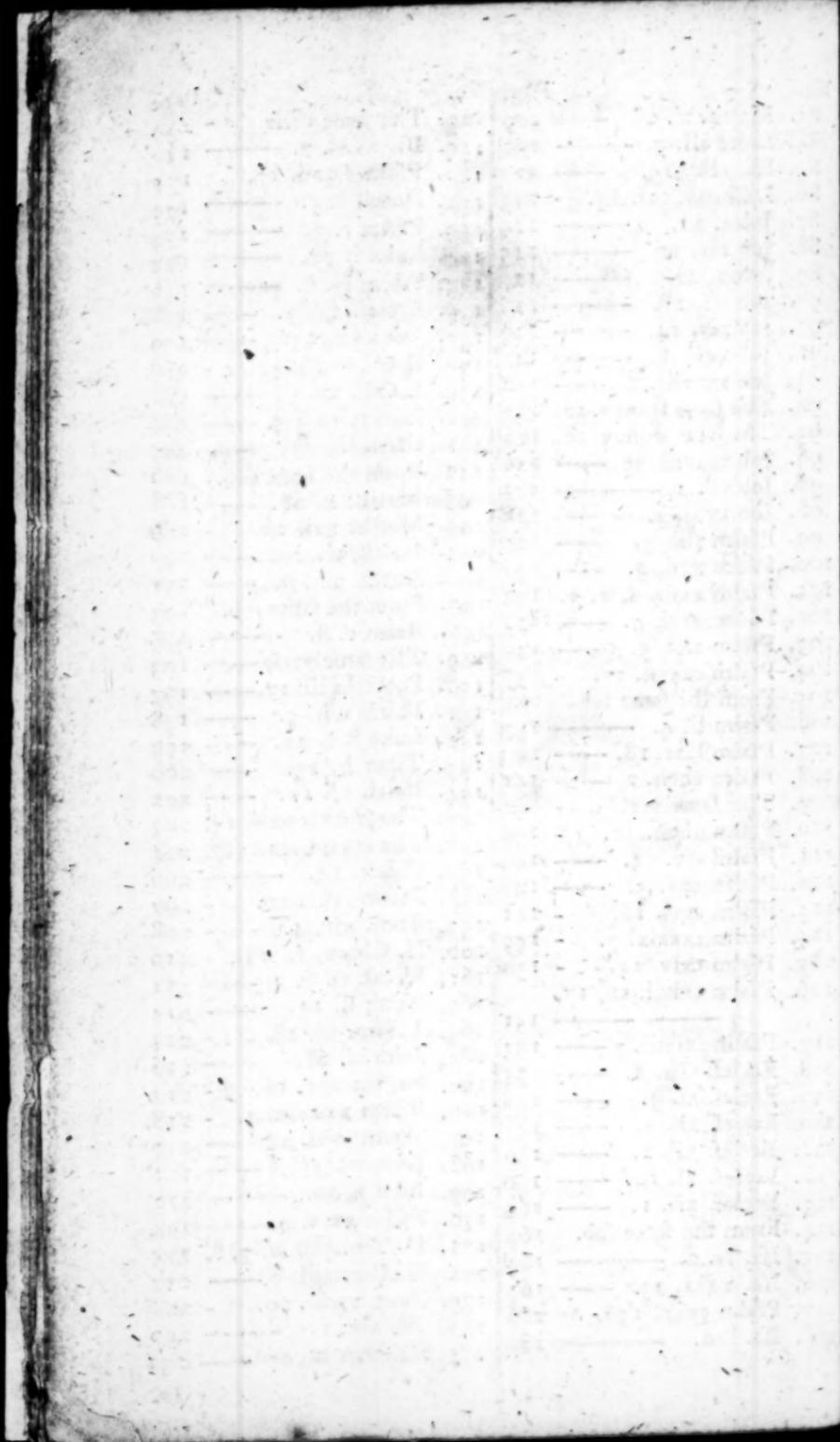
If the serious perusal of them under the influence of heaven's blessing prove the mean of begetting, increasing, or preserving a devout warmth in the breast of the meanest christian, it will prove an abundant recompence for any pains bestowed on their composition. — Perhaps some few phrases may occur in them, not so familiar to the lowest class of readers ; but as they are few, their meaning may easily be discovered, by carefully attending to the whole verse or line, where such words are met with.

NO doubt, those who are posseſt of poetical talents will at first view discern many blemishes in the following pages : yet as 'tis the first trial of genius in this way, 'tis hoped the judges of such compositions will shew candour in their criticisms on a performance, which, however imperfect, is sent abroad into the world, with a most unfeigned desire, that it may prove in some degree useful to those, into whose bands it may come.

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H Y M N S.

I. i JOHN iv. 8.

Mong all the bright resplendent gems
that wreath' eternal crown ;
see immense infinite love,
still shed the brightest noon.

2 Ev'n of th' adored DEITY,
his name, his nature's love :
A sun, whose beams, from first to last,
will beatific prove.

3 Like as the wide extended sea,
her vapours sends abroad :
Thus steams of love perpetual rise
from the abyss of GOD.

4 No wint'ry gloom his bosom cools ;
there fury cannot dwell :
Love holds th' ascendant in his breast,
altho' he owes yon hell.

5 If beings blest with happy life,
on wings of freedom fly ;
And to the regions of woe,
'gainst his command draw nigh.

A

6 Who

2 H Y M N S.

6 Who dare, for this, a GOD arraign ?
or question once his love ?

Tho' bold pretenders to his throne,
he from his presence drove ?

7 To share eternity with God,
all reason's sons were made ;

That men might feel unthought of joys,
its purest beams were shed.

8 That God did frame immortal men
to toss in endless woe :

Who dare, on goodness infinite,
such high impeachment throw ?

9 When o'er the precipice of death,
he sees men bent to run ;

Must he the sons of freedom chain,
that they all risque may shun ?

10 These stars, now plung'd in endless night,
from this blest SUN did stray :

Back to the center of their light,
they cannot find the way.

11 No fiend will dare to charge his woe
on the blest MAKER's hand.

When to their breasts he makes appeal,
all hell shall speechless stand.

II. I S A I A H xxviii. 21.

T O summon into happy life,
is the delight of God ;

And from his forming fingers next,
with various favours load.

2 From him, high uncomputed bliss
thro' plenteous channels streams :

Yet still around his radiant throne,
the stronger glory beams.

'Midst

3 'Midst godlike transports, he creates ;
with joy his offspring clothes :

To strip them of felicity,
th' eternal GODHEAD lothes.

4 To view the creatures of his love,
in bliss exulting high,
is sure the most delightsome sight,
a GOD himself can spy.

How well it suits a DEITY,
to bid his goodness flow,
and make these beings blest with life,
his Godlike love to know ?

In bosom of omnipotence,
infinite raptures rise ;
When myriads of adoring worlds
his piercing eye desries.

But Oh ! when justice must have place,
and mercy's rule suspend ;
for the honour of his crown,
he needs his bow to bend.

How loath to fit it to the strings !
flow, flow, his arrows fly ;
and oft, before they reach the mark,
divine resentments die.

Ay when he lifts the knotty scourge,
the patient well may say,
he's unaccustom'd to the work,
nor aims his blow each day.

This needful judgment to dispense,
is not our GOD's delight :
before he strike for man's return,
he'll long all patient wait.

III. H E B. II. 16.

When human and angelick frames
were wreck'd on yonder shore,
And billows of eternal wrath,
approach'd with hideous roar.

2 IMMANUEL from his radiant throne,
beheld with piteous eye :
And from th' unmeasur'd eminence,
for their rescue drew nigh.

3 Angelic armies in suspense,
but guess'd his high intent :
To dive in quest of heav'n's lost gems,
they hop'd his course was bent.

4 What wonder rose when these bright stars,
he past unheeding by ;
And yet to snatch mens shipwreck'd souls,
on wide-spread wing did fly.

5 To wast these objects of his love,
to safety's distant land :
Of ruin's fiery swelling waves,
himself the shock must stand.

6 Not in all nature grows that tree,
from whence the plank to shape,
On which from black perdition's wave,
immortal souls may leap.

7 What joy possest the Seraph's breast,
to hear IMMANUEL say,
That he to save wreck'd mortal men,
himself the plan will lay.

8 O whence could spring that love divine,
that flam'd so wondrous high :

HYMNS.

5

When he plung'd deep for worms of earth,
and let lost angels lie.

1 In scales of true intrinsic worth,
their nature's weightiest prove ;
Not thus he weigh'd, but hung the beam
of pure, of sov'reign love.

10 O man ! O man ! high prized man ;
that wond'rous hour review :
To him that sav'd our worthless race,
say what from thee is due.

11 Sure 'tis unmeet such matchless grace
should be repaid with scorn ;
See angels cast, and Jesus deign
to be of woman born.

IV. LUKE I. 56.

MESSIAH's errand to our world,
How worthy of a God !
To lift us from the edge of woe
he pav'd the downward road.

2 Altho' bright ranks in paradise,
saw penitive his descent,
As if to drown a guilty world,
he had been thither sent.

3 They fear'd that from creation's map,
he meant this earth to blot ;
And 'neath a deluge of his ire,
towhelm the puny spot.

4 But Oh what joyous sparkling beams,
soon darted from each eye ;
When bidden tune their golden harps,
and sing salvation high.

5 To

H Y M N S.

- 5 To deal destruction's mighty blow,
how far from his intent !
To snatch from black destruction's jaws,
his soul was ceaseless bent.
- 6 All thy blest acts, O Jesus ! prove
thou can't not to destroy ;
To sprinkle mercy's show'r around,
is thy belov'd employ.
- 7 Each fleeting breath the nostrils draw,
proclaims thy mercy, loud ;
The beating pulse, at every stroke,
speaks man's PRESERVER good.
- 8 Who yet beheld the light'nings glare
once at thy bidding fly ;
Not when attendants warm with zeal,
for vengeance loud did cry.
- 9 Not all the high insults thou met,
did once thine ire provoke :
No day perceiv'd thy sword unsheathe'd,
to deal the vengeful stroke.
- 10 When did thy breathless foe reek high,
beneath thy smiting hand ;
Tho' oft thy blessed footsteps trode,
amidst th' insulting band.

V. LUKE I. 31.

FULL nimblly *Gabriel* plies his wing,
to tell the gladsome news :
He glows with warm seraphick flame,
while he the mystery shews.

2 Nor less the blessed virgin's joy,
to hear the won'drous tale ;
Which this bright herald from the skies,
is hastening to reveal.

3 Hail,

H Y M N S.

7

3 Hail, hail, thou fav'rite of sweet heav'ns,
thy bliss tow'rs to the sky ;
Each fair along thy royal line,
wishes for this embassy.

Whole myriads breath'd a warm desire
to swathe the PRINCE of PEACE ;
Impatiently they look'd each morn,
to view his blessed face.

Be glad, that envied lot is thine,
soon this blest babe you'll spy :
When dandled smiling on thy knees,
the wond'rous child shall lie.

Soon from thy teeming virgin womb,
salvation shall be born ;
While all beneath that radiant sun,
shall hail that rapt'rous morn.

JESUS shall be his sacred name,
heav'ns harps shall sound it high ;
And blessed be that glorious name,
unnumber'd worlds shall cry.

Ay at that sound, that sweetest sound,
each suppliant knee shall bend ;
Glad tribute to th' incarnate GOD,
all the redeem'd shall send.

High hallelujah's to that name,
all heaven shall raptur'd sing :
And count eternity too short
to praise this mighty KING.

VI. E P H E S I A N S III. 19.

M M A N U E L's, love, the seraph's song,
Be still my rapt'rous theme,
With the celestial choirs above,

Pll

Hail,

- I'll lisp dear Jesus name.
- 2 But th' ocean of eternal love,
no depth of thought can sound.
Who shall compass th' unbounded shore,
its vast extent go round.
- 3 Its warm spring tide began to swell,
long ere earth's deep was swath'd.
Its current smoothly onward flow'd,
ere yon sun's course was path'd.
- 4 Ere infant time had seen the light,
or earliest breath had drawn,
From love's blest source the warming rays,
on human kind did dawn.
- 5 Long ere the everlasting hills,
rear'd their proud heads on high :
He register'd his love to man,
in volumes of the sky.
- 6 When in deep non-existence' vale,
our race yet slumb'ring lay,
He heedful watch'd our future fate,
and did their ruin stay.
- 7 Th' eternal rolls will vouch his love,
and shew bright lines of grace
Drawn deep by his eternal pen,
ere yon sun shew'd his face.
- 8 The contract seal'd by blood divine,
bears for its title LOVE.
That charter of man's fair estate,
kept in the world above.
- 9 Its counterpart in page inspir'd,
breathes warm of love divine.
Its characters on high engrav'd,
with heav'nly lustre shine.

10 What wonder tho' the seraphs stoop
from their fair seats on high?
That in this scheme with love wrapt round,
they may unceasing pry.

11 O ! for seraphick warmth to reach
loud anthems round his throne ;
Who deign'd to leave th' angelick song,
my deep-dy'd guilt t' attone.

VII. L U K E II. 11.

Hail, blessed dawn, whose distant rays,
pierce thro' the veil of night :
The tensold shades wrapt round our world,
at thy approach take flight.

2 Thy smiling hue, O morn ! betides
new events here below ;

O nature ! whence that lovely bloom,
which makes thy visage glow ?

3 Well mayst thou smile, when he draws near,
who sheds the beams on high,
Which light the upper world all o'er,
and blaze down thro' our sky.

4 But is the course of nature's God
to this his footstool bent,
And will he deign in this cold clime
to pitch his royal tent ?

Yes, yes, he comes down thro' the skies ;
bright seraphs pave the way,
And all the ravish'd hosts on high,
are basking in his ray.

They joyous tend heav'n's royal BABE,
behold them clust'ring round,

10 H Y M N S.

While all *Judaea's* echoing vales
with sweetest strains resound.

7 New heav'nly airs in lofty tone,
these gladsome songsters raise,
Thro' upper and thro' nether worlds ;
to day's a day of praise.

8 With flows of high angelick love,
the GODHEAD they adore :
For grace supernal streaming fast
from mercy's op'ning store.

9 Let human hearts now catch the flame,
and earth repeat the song :
Heav'n's injur'd Sov'REIGN smoothes his brow ;
himself smarts for man's wrong.

10 Swell then your throats, ye tuneful throng,
and sing redeeming love :
Ev'n thro eternity itself,
'twill be the song above.

VIII. *From the same Subject.*

THOU radiant SUN, who bridegroom-like,
thy chamber leaves each morn :
In grandest suit thyself array,
and this blest day adorn.

2 'Tis SHILOH's birth-day ; dart bright rays,
and highest splendor wear :
To-day, quite round a thankless world,
in dazzling pomp appear,

3 Thou, silver moon, a birth-day dress
of fairest die provide :
Gild o'er the mantle of the night ;
in triumph onward ride.

4 Ye starry gems which from heav'n's vault,
earth's dark transactions view ;

Night's sable veil in sunder rend,
and bright'ning lustre shew.

5 O earth ingrate ! why o'er thy face
these dewy drops thus spread ?

With gayest robes this glorious morn
our world should be clad.

6 Ye brutal herds, chain'd to the stall,
hence mind to bend the knee,

To hail that moment GOD came down,
from hell to set me free.

7 Industrious bees that 'midst your cells,
sip your mellifluous stores :

Raise ye loud concert at that hour,
and join angelick choirs.

8 Ye soaring larks, the chorus sound ;
an early matin sing :

Teach all the feather'd tribes to hymn
glad nature's new-born KING.

9 Ye lions couching in dark den,
through all the forest broad :

Pour praise in your hoarfe-sounding notes,
to my incarnate GOD.

10 'Midst universal song, my soul,
let not thy voice be drown'd :

Nor in me, this transporting day,
one silent pow'r be found.

IX. L U K E II. 12.

O ! nature's immaterial SUN,
drops from his sphere on high ;
and in a lanthorn made of flesh,

- his faded rays I spy.
- 2 The root from whence all being sprang,
sprouts in yon opening bud :
He lies close wrapt in swathing bands,
who swath'd the ocean's flood.
- 3 Close by his side these hands are roll'd,
which spun the fleecy cloud :
Behold ! he sips the milky stream,
who gives th' archangel food.
- 4 The lowing heifers for his bed
their stalls at bidding yield ;
More piteous than th' inglorious host,
they seek th' unshelter'd field.
- 5 *Bethlehem's* antient bubbling fount,
its streams long fam'd now lends
To bathe his limbs who thro' the vales,
his cooling springs still sends.
- 6 The bleating flock bequeaths a fleece,
to clothe heaven's spotless LAMB ;
Who from these heights down to our world,
on gracious errands came.
- 7 The warbling songsters thro' the grove,
their throats in concert swell ;
And to the flumb'ring *Bethle'mites*,
the gladsome tidings tell.
- 8 Illuminations thro' the sky,
shine strong with bright'ning blaze ;
On lamps new fill'd with golden oil,
all heav'n astonish'd gaze.
- 9 A band of minstrels near the throne,
make haste their harps to string :
While golden wings they ply apace,
and heav'nly matins sing.

o A birth-day hymn new set to tune,
with skilful couch they play :
Then with the strains of paradise,
the BABE to slumbers lay,

X. M A T T H. II. 2.

THe sages long in eastern climes,
did in dark midnight grope ;
Till SHILOH all majestick rose,
and shone, the LAMP OF HOPE.

Soon as the womb of time was eas'd,
and the blest birth appears :
The star of day thro' wide expanse,
its course ay earthward steers.

Astonish'd at the low-hung star,
they hail the rising day ;
And to the new-born PRINCE OF LIFE,
in raptures speed away.

No torches light that homely roof,
where JESUS deigns to lie :
Leav'n of these beams must bear the cost,
and set this candle high.

High o'er Bethlehem's humble spires,
see the bright meteor flame :
Dwellers lost in midnight dreams,
how do these sages shame !

In deep surprize they view the scene,
and hail their infant KING :
While each adoring, to his couch
their early tribute bring.

Dark clouds that hour his glories vail'd,
yet these his scepter own ;

Tho'

Tho' o'er the splendors of a God,
earth's thickest shades are thrown,

8 Drawn by the scent of *Sharon's Rose*
whose fragrance breathes around :

They haste to view the righteous BRANCH
spring lowly from the ground.

9 Tho' like a root from parched field,
they view old *Jesse's stem*,
Just sprung to day, yet still for ay
his GODHEAD is the same.

XI. M A T T H. III. 16.

TO an inhospitable clime,
then did IMMANUEL bend ;
When here to pitch his low abode,
he in blest hour did tend.

2 No palace spreads its spacious gates,
glad entrance to afford :

No altar smokes perfumes to him,
nor incense round him pour'd.

3 No monarch throws his scepter down,
'neath his descending feet :

No heralds sent with sounding trump,
th' incarnate G O D to greet.

4 But Oh ! the awful deed of shame,
the wondrous BARE must fly ;

Nor to the homely natal spot,
adventure to draw nigh.

5 Yon sword, in fatal hour unsheath'd,
with infant gore reeks high ;

Rent smilng from the tortur'd breast,
the early martyrs lie.

The heavens are rent by blood's loud cry,
grief's deepest sighs resound ;
While under many a mournful roof
th' expiring babes are found.

How blest ! ye fair infantile train,
whose brows were wreath'd so soon,
With the triumphant martyrs palm,
and early wore their crown.

Baptiz'd in mid that crimson font,
which sprang from your own veins ;
lung'd in that emblematick stream,
you purg'd adhering stains.

Now high you sit, and sweet you sing,
nigh him that too was slain ;
Now sucklings, sure, these joys above
have recompenc'd your pain.

In crystal streams beneath the throne,
see how they swim around ;
While from the mouths of babes redeem'd,
the LAMB's high praises sound.

XII. L U K E II. 29.

Now may I peaceful close these eyes,
on all below the sun ;
And take a glad farewell of life,
since mortal things are done.

Far travell'd in the ways of men,
I weary here to roam :
My days of exile are run out,
and I would venture home.

Long anxious have I ey'd the skies,
to welcome SHILOH down ;

Now

16 H Y M N S.

Now these blest moments hastening by,
my ardent wishes crown.

4 O let this gladsome view suffice,
my infant SAVIOUR's smiles ;
All things beside will now look faint;
this all their lustre spoils.

5 O blest embrace ! when in these arms
I claspt salvation's GOD :
How could these feeble arms sustain
the wond'rous awful load !

6 But why so quickly yield him back,
or quit the glorious ONE
Who long before the birth of time,
in God-like splendor shone !

7 Ye seraphs who in waiting stand,
the God-like BABE around :
To you 'twill prove surprising sight,
while he thus swath'd lies bound.

8 With you, close vigils would I keep,
all round this PRINCE OF PEACE ;
'Mong you adoring, still I'll gaze
on that divinest face.

9 But ah ! the sight has prov'd too strong
for this long mould'ring clay :
Heav'n break this earthly pitcher down,
that I may 'scape away.

10 Calm and serene I yield my breath ;
I fold in arms of thine,
Who this blest hour, thy glorious head
did'st rest on arms of mine.

XIII. ISAIAH XI. I.

THAT ROOT whence sprang th' angelick flow'rs
which spread in paradise,
Begins from mid-surrounding clay,
in one fair sprout to rise.

2 Not in attractive charms array'd,
he rears the antient head :
No gaudy leaves adorn that stem,
mean rising from its bed.

3 No blushing rose its glossy hue
this wond'rous PLANT did lend :
Nor did the cedars waving high,
to it in homage bend.

4 Some while this BRANCH, with naked arms,
no shelter did betide :
Nor did the warblers 'mid its boughs,
from their pursuers hide.

5 Some seasons on earth's parched plain,
it disregarded grew ;
hort sighted man went round and round,
and did no beauties view.

At last the ax, by impious hand,
the glorious stem did hew ;
its budding boughs, on trembling ground,
with deep disdain they threw.

Yet soon reviv'd, it sprang afresh,
and now o'er tops the cloud ;
With boundless sweep it spreads heaven's fields,
where long before it stood.

Clos to its boughs, the hosts redeem'd,
in brightest clusters cling ;

'Neath life's fair tree, now rear'd so high,
their hallelujahs sing.

9 Its fruit seraphick breasts inspires,
with new ecstatick flows :
Its fragrant odours on the breeze,
thro' paradise still blows.

10 From 'mid that root a living spring,
glides thro' the heavenly plain ;
Which winds thro' mansions of the just,
with softest murm'ring strain.

XIV. M A T T. II. 14.

How early did the hate of man,
'gainst JESUS find a vent ?
His foes soon as he enter'd life,
were on his ruin bent.

2 Yet smiling harmless on the breast,
what umbrage could he give ?
Not in the manger unenvied,
he's doom'd unmeet to live.

3 And must this glorious heavenly BABE,
with all his host decamp ;
And that e'er morning's rosy hand,
has lighted day's bright lamp.

4 Could ye his wing'd attendants bruik
such insult on your GOD,
When he must 'midst night's chilling damps,
forsake his mean abode.

5 Ye mighty hosts, what were your thoughts ?
when thus your MAKER lay
In manger meanly shrivelled up,
the infant of a day.

6 Like mournful tale ye never heard,
tho' told each wondrous deed !

The GOD who form'd these num'rous orbs,
wants room to lay his head !

7 Altho' you never drop a tear,
nor feel ought else but joy ;

What were your views, when Herod's hate
aim'd JESUS to destroy ?

8 Is't thus, O men ! you pay his love,
who with heaven's peace stopt down ;

And 'midst a sea of wrath divine,
did all his glory drown.

9 O ! what if back to paradise,
his journey he pursue ;

And in behalf this worthless race,
his ancient contract rue.

10 How justly might the winged winds,
have wafted him on high ;

Might he not with one simple breath,
the tyrant's hate defy.

11 How warm his love, that did not cool,
beneath these hills of snow !

Mens breasts 'gainst him with gall did boil ;
his did with pity glow.

XV. L U K E IV. 2.

THAT glorious HOST, who at his board,
ten thousand worlds maintains,
To be a child of woe and want,
he for a season deigns.

2 Ye seraphims, how could you fit
the undrawn table round

Regardless ? tho' your long ador'd
breathes out this awful sound ;

3 No creature lacks its needed meals,
from his unbounded store,
Each to rich banquet still he calls,
that breathes within his door.

4 Thro' countle's links of various life,
all to the full he feeds ;
From angels to the insect tribes,
he satisfies their needs.

5 Yet wonder, O surrounding heav'n's !
a GOD for want complains !
Who the large fabrick of the sky,
and dwellers there sustains.

6 What wonder tho' heaven's choicest fare,
to angels tasteless prove ;
A breast of adamantine make,
sure this his 'plaint must move.

7 Yet more surprize, unpiteous hell
attempts to sell him bread !
If in obeisance 'fore the fiend,
he bow his blessed head.

8 How durst that bold infernal foe,
raise his audacious brow,
Begging his praise whom he ador'd,
with his now guilty crew ?

9 But Oh amaze ! all earth around,
men taste delicious cheer ?
Nor of IMMANUEL's pinching want,
the mournful tale once hear.

XVI. ISAIAH LIII. 3.

When J e s u s deign'd below the sun,
to house his head in clay ;
himself in room of kindling brands,
he on the flames did lay.

On threshold of this mortal life,
with woe he shook the hand ;
and 'midst its various lanes, embrac'd
dire sorrows numerous band.

The sun that circuits yonder heav'ns,
his griefs astonish'd saw :
to hide the sight, how oft he aim'd
clouds o'er his face to draw !

If flaming ills, by night were quench'd,
'mid embers seem'd to die ;
the saffron morn, with fanning wing
still blew his sorrows high.

Day prov'd too short to vent his heart,
oft midnight saw his tears :
the starry hosts shed trembling rays,
to view their MAKER's fears.

In deep afflictions was he wrapt,
and still with sadness clad ;
'midst troubles far beyond man's ken,
he made his joyless bed.

Stern justice frown'd, yea mercy too
her smiles from him did turn :
and lo ! a thankless human race,
did their REDEEMER spurn !

Each lowring morn the troublous streams,
XV still higher o'er him rose ;

Till 'bove his head in fatal hour,
the angry billows close.

9 Grief dy'd his locks of hoary hue,
amidst youth's rising bloom ;
Beneath those ills his shoulders stoop,
which were our righteous doom.

10 Not all the glorious host on high,
saw such distress before,
As JESUS thro' his mortal days,
for man all patient bore.

XVII. J O H N I. 29.

E Ach eye behold the wond'rous M A N,
His footsteps learn to trace ;
Walk from his cradle to his tomb,
admire his matchless grace.

2 See how he blows his glories out,
and lights far feebler flame ;
In human liv'ries deign to clothe,
and clips his wide-spread fame.

3 Come meet him at the porch of life,
and hear his infant cry ;
Who was ador'd in lofty strains,
by all the hosts on high.

4 Man smiles beneath his shelt'ring wing,
himself now learns to weep ;
He hush'd an universe to rest,
yet folds his arms to sleep.

5 Here view him nail the yielding plank,
by these same mighty hands,
Which on the gates of paradise
did rivet fast the bands.

Adoring view his blessed arm,
now hew the stubborn oak ;
ho' thro' the blue sulphureous steams,
hell howls beneath its stroke.

See how he rears the humble mast,
close to the furrowing keel ;
Who fix'd the stars in heav'n's blue roof,
which still unwand'ring reel.

Anon he launches forth the ship,
on the proud waves to ride,
Who countless orbs thro' heav'nly plains
rolls flaming from his side.

XVIII. L A M. I. 12.

YE cherubims, whose golden wings
fan swift the yielding air ;
Who through the bounds of Go D's empire,
on errands high repair :

Yet unperceiv'd by mortal sight,
what raptrous views you see !
sight of woe you too beheld
in him that bled for me.

'Midst all your wide extended rounds,
have ye perceiv'd such woe,
s did the MAN OF SORROWS feel,
while sojourning below !

Soon as he drank life's muddy stream,
his breast with griefs did swell ;
No thought his sorrows can conceive,
nor tongue his feelings tell.

While smiling pleasant on the breast,
O wondrous sight ! he hung ;

Then

Then in his cup by angry heaven,
Some bitter drops were wrung.

6 Black troublous mists o'er all his ways,
each rising morn were spread ;
In sorrow's paths his steps ay trode,
griefs hung his joyleis bed.

7 Ev'n the wide universe around,
joy shuts from him her springs ;
While from above, beneath and round,
his breast with horror stings.

8 On bitter morsels long he fed,
gall mixtures oft did drink :
And 'neath the frowns of ireful wrath,
his spirits oft did sink.

9 Heaven unrelenting, views the scene,
nor stays descending show'rs :
Hell with a diabolick rage,
its arrows round him pours.

10 Soon as his pulse began to beat,
still sadness thrill'd each vein ;
Unceasing woes then usher'd in
the last tremendous pain.

XIX. L U K E. IV. 2.

Long o'er the wide infernal gates,
IMMANUEL kept his eye ;
And from his high celestial throne,
hell's motions did desery.

2 He rein'd, with ease, the bridl'd fiends,
close held the rattling chain ;
Blaspheming, tho' they champ'd the bit,
he aw'd the foaming train.

If they with leave their collars stipt,
and roar'd earth's thickets round,
He lock'd their jaws, and ey'd their course,
and soon retreat did sound.

But now, from 'mid their dreary den,
hell's legions fiercely growl ;
Round him with diabolick rage
the tempters fearless rowl.

See the arch-fiend with daring look,
untrembling eye a G o d ;
Regardless views yon blessed head
that aw'd him with its nod.

More dev'lish still, with hand accus'd,
he mints his darts to throw ;
At him, who forg'd the lightning's bolt,
he aims the vengeful blow.

For ever blasted be that arm,
that thus was rais'd on high,
To wound the wond'rous MAN that stoop'd
for my black crimes to die.

For ever soundless be that tongue
that bade the HIGHEST bend
In low prostration 'fore a fiend,
and incense downward send.

Where were ye angels, when your G o d
with fiends in conflict join'd ?
And when the sons of blasphemy
as one 'gainst him combin'd.

How could you stand unheeding by,
and view th' insulting foe ?
These darts long hammer'd in yon pit,
at your ADORED throw !

O thou who stills the loudest storms,

and calms the oceans roar :
How durst the foe but once require
thy GODHEAD him t' adore !

12 Why was not he that instant plung'd
in tenfold deeper woe ?
And for such crime his ev'ry pow'r,
ten thousand horrors know.

XX. L U K E IX. 14, 17.

Heav'n's royal PROPHET's voice divine,
sounds through the list'ning throng ;
They, joyous, taste of wisdom's stream,
for larger draughts still long.

2 Lost by its sound in sweet surprize,
none nature's cravings heed ;
Their mental pow'rs feel vast desire
for heav'n's descending bread.

3 But O the bounties of a God !
who hears want's harmleſs cry ;
Unask'd to their returning needs,
he grants the meet supply.

4 He spreads the spacious earthen board
with cloth of living green,
And quick around th' obedient crowd,
wrapt in amaze are seen.

5 And now they dread a scrimp repast,
distrustful of their HOST,
Tho' all the tables set above,
are cover'd at his cost.

6 This universe, his spacious house,
eats hourly at his charge ;
Its countless ranks feed to the full,

and still the crumbs are large.

The ravens see no table spread,
yet none their murmurings hear ;
The infant lions yell to him,
who to the cry draws near.

With ease he'll feast this gazing throng,
from his unfeigning store :
Earth, air and sea, his garners wide,
by emptying fill the more.

Ye guests, partake this plenteous meal,
dealt by no niggard hand ;
Loring view the food still grow,
at his divine command.

Hence ne'er distrust his royal word,
nor doubt a prom'sing G o D ;
Once he speak, 'tis instant done ;
all nature marks his nod.

XXI. J O H N II. 2.

Nharmful lo ! the joyous band,
do wait the nuptial hour ;
They hail the matrimonial morn ;
mirth blythsome round they pour.

Well may the concert swell full sweet,
when J E S U S deigns t' attend ;
d heav'n to grace the bridal, down
its royal HOST does send.

Rize high your lot, ye envi'd pair,
who hail'd this blessed guest ;
d fresh from his unemptying spring,
did the rich blessing taste.

Why did the grape so niggard prove,

of its enliv'ning juice ;
 Well might the vine its tubes all strain
 for the blest FORMER's use.

5 But he has nature's stores at will,
 her treasures can command ;
 Her springs each at his bidding flow,
 their keys are in his hand.

6 'Tis he that bids the spreading vine
 the cheering streams distill ;
 Yet soon he shortens natures course,
 wine springs from yonder rill.

7 He, nature's SUN, from its wide sphere,
 can dart meridian rays ;
 And in an instant that mature,
 which here long rip'ning stays.

8 Here sickly nature creeps but slow,
 at feeble efforts mints ;
 But 'neath the beams of life's blest source,
 nought then her progress stints.

9 There's summer still, where his blest beams
 in their full lustre shine ;
 No polar circles there are known
 on either side the line.

10 We thoughtless mortals, dim of sight,
 stint oft the pow'r divine,
 To nature's low imperfect aims,
 essay'd in her decline.

XXII. L U K E VII. 15.

WHAT blasts we mortals must abide,
 e'er life's rough ocean's croft ;
 Twixt waves of hope and gulphs of fear,

how are our vessels tost ?

Full thin our comforts here are sown ;
but thick our cares ay grow ;
Whose opening buds as they disclose,
to leaves of grief oft blow.

At *Nain* see a mournful fair,
deep deep in sables clad,
All doleful weeping for her mate,
now wrapt in death's cold bed.

Far worse, she stays the sinking head
of the dear hopeful boy,
That well belov'd remaining pledge
of all their nuptial joy.

See how she hangs in sad suspense,
and wipes the rising dews !

While in the hand of conquering death
a bow full bent she views.

But lo ! the deep resounding groan,
decides the doubtful strife ;
His eyes are lock'd by death's cold keys,
he takes farewell of life.

The corpse wrapt close in winding sheet,
stretch'd on the bier lies ;
The mother clasps the pale hue'd clay,
and vents despairing cries.

Heav'n piteous views the doleful scene,
and seems to frown on death ;
Or having cropt th' unripen'd bud,
and clos'd his youthful breath.

JESUS dispells grief's lowring clouds,
spreads round a sky serene ;
Godlike at this blest season comes,
and brightens all the scene.

10 Low at his feet death lays the keys
of his apartments wide,
Left for this cruel robbery done,
in angry tone he chide.

11 He calls, the universe resounds,
and echo's back the voice ;
Death's bars in sunder instant burst,
the mourners all rejoice.

XXIII. L U K E . VII. 2.

How oft we count ev'n life a load,
and 'neath its burden droop !
While ailments with each beating pulse,
makes youthful vigour stoop.

2 From horrid pain and dire disease,
no air can prove a mail ;
Ev'n thro' surrounding armed bands
strong pangs the prince assail.

3 From nature's pains there's no defence ;
here lies declining bloom,
Tost by the last convulsive throw,
sees death's approaching gloom.

4 Yet JESUS soon makes hope to dawn,
death's blow does countermand ;
And for this warlike alien deigns
to raise his menial hand.

5 The maladies begot by sin,
obey his royal nod ;
He bids the troop but once decamp,
they instant take their road.

6 He stays the circling streams that roll
thro' all the boiling veins :

e bids the mingled humours part,
and cools the heated reins.

The fever by his presence aw'd,
its raging ferment stops ;
nd thro' the skin's ten thousand doors,
sends forth the dewy drops.

The fumes that rack'd the dizzy brain,
no more attempt to rise :
ounds pour afresh thro' deafned ears,
and rays thro' staring eyes.

XXIV. M A R K IX. 25.

N strong array, what countless foes
'gainst mortals take the field ;
hat need with each returning morn,
our weapons right to wield.

Man oft must fight against himself,
and foreign foes restrain ;
or easier those sharp darts to quench,
thrown by hell's harmful train.

O ! dread to see what hell can do,
if heaven stand passive by ;
ongueless fiends such tortures bring,
what may not speechful try.

O ! imp accrû'd, 'scap'd from the gloom,
how durst thou upward soar ?
by break the wide infernal rank,
or leave hell's mingled roar.

We mortals wearied of your sway,
now to MESSIAH yield ;
om hell's fierce shafts his wide-spread wing,
defenceless men will shield.

- 6 How canst thou see that blessed face,
 that hurl'd you from on high,
Who stamp'd you 'neath his conq'ring heel,
 and fast your bands did tie.
- 7 What tortures now the fiend quick feels,
 see, see him foaming lie,
At JESUS' frown hell horrors rage,
 hence oft he mints to flie.
- 8 Beneath the shelter of a God,
 'tis blessed lot to dwell ;
Such stand unpierc'd by sharpest darts,
 forg'd in the lowest hell.
- 9 Adore the hand that fix'd the bars,
 of their dire flaming grate ;
Who slacks or draws their rattling chains,
 and curbs their dev'lish hate.

XXV. M A T T H. XVII. 27.

- O** Strange demand ! when nature's KING,
 to man a tax must pay ;
Tho' at the footstool of his throne,
 heav'n's hosts their tribute lay.
- 2 More wondrous still to see him want,
 that is the H E I R O F A L L ;
Who treasures of ten thousand worlds,
 could muster at his call.
- 3 For man grown bankrupt to his GOD,
 heav'n's wealth he did forego ;
And whence to yield the custom claim'd,
 he hardly seems to know.
- 4 The earth has lock'd its coffers up,
 none haste to lend their L O R D ;
The sea is his, and all its tribes,

are list'ning to his word.

5 The perch unbidden thro' the deep,
surveys the treasures lost,

Which blind deluded men no more,
will make their empty boast.

6 As if it heard great Cæsar's call,
or knew dear JESUS' need,
It gobbles down the silver coin,
and plies its fins with speed.

7 See how it hastes to meet the hook,
quick thro' the waves makes way,
That in the blest CREATOR's hand,
the tribute it may lay.

8 Which shall be first to do his will,
these scaly tribes contend,
When on his errands, thro' the brine,
he bids these carriers bend.

9 All else, but man, are proud to serve
the GOD that gave them life :
Which in his praise shall most excel,
'mong others seems the strife.

10 Take shame my soul, and mark his nod,
still ready to obey
With zeal and joy, where he directs,
to wing thee on thy way.

XXVI. M A R K II. 13.

AND did the fig-tree of her fruit,
deny to him a share,
Whose bleffing fructifies each bough,
when they rich fruitage bear.

When JESUS once to taste thy figs,

did deign to turn aside,
How could'st thou disregard his need,
and all his hopes deride ?

3 Why didst thou dress in gayest green,
and spread thine arms abroad ;
That with thy blossoms thou might call,
the journeyer from his road.

4 'Tis just thy branches meet a blast,
and that each bud should die,
When JESUS to recruit his strength,
in vain to thee drew nigh.

5 And yet my glowing cheek may blush,
while I thus doom the tree :
Methinks when I review that scene,
the censure fails on me.

6 I in far richer soil have stood,
beneath heaven's soft'ning dew,
At various seasons shewing buds ;
nor have my leaves been few.

7 But when the blessed OWNER comes,
at his determin'd hour ;
Where is the fruit on loaded boughs,
I in his hands may pour ?

8 'Tis wonder he that owes this field,
such barren trees should spare :
How just, from 'midst his water'd ground,
their ev'ry root to tear ?

9 Blest JESUS, stay thy mighty hand ;
thy stroke, tho' just, suspend :
'Till 'neath the rich high flavour'd fruit,
my loaded branches bend.

XXVII. M A T T H. XXI. 5.

1 Et Zion's spacious roofs resound,
Behold your PRINCE draws near;
Glad clouds are shouting him along,
soon will his train appear.

2 Meek on th' unsaddl'd colt he sits,
who rides the stubborn winds;
And in the hollow of his hand,
the roaring tempest binds.

3 In humble triumph see them move,
while garments strew the way;
Which glad attendants fondly strip,
and for his carpet lay.

4 The joyous throng, unthinking hail
his coronation day;
Unmindful that th' eternal crown,
his temples long did stay.

5 In splendor infinitely bright,
E're birth of time, he rode,
And early on the starry floor,
his blessed footsteps trode.

6 This homely grandeur suits but ill,
with him that is divine;
He means not in fair Zion's heights,
in royal robes to shine.

Throw wide the ample doors of thought,
there let him bear his sway;
That on the necks of wayward lusts,
his reins he hence may lay.

'Tis there MESSIAH courts a seat,
let none his suit deny;

Unrivall'd let him bruik that throne,
and wave his sceptre high.

9 Your inward powers to him resign,
let these hosannahs sing ;
To Zion's blest anointed KING,
thy daily tribute bring.

XXVIII. LUKE XIX. 41.

Earth's well surnam'd a vale o' tears,
with brine her oceans flow ;
And how to brew this salted stream,
each mortal eye may know.

2 From sorrow's bitter spreading root,
men's boasted pleasure rise,
He lives not, but or soon or late,
his cheek he often dries.

3 Such sights each passing day abound,
we early learn to weep ;
Hearts grieved vent their bitter brine,
far oftner than they sleep.

4 Man well may figh, when more than man,
breathes these rebounding cries ;
While sitting clad in garb of woe,
he wipes his flooding eyes.

5 Man often spends his breath in vain,
and heaves a causeless groan ;
But prospects dire makes JESUS mourn,
in this affecting tone.

6 For man, for man, unthinking man,
his heart is melting fast,
To see his setting sun go down,
and golden seasons past.

His wing, has blessed shelt'ring wing,
O'er *Hierusalem* spread,
must be withdrawn, her spiteful sons,
contemn'd th' almighty shade,

Sad sight to view immortal men,
infinite fury brave !

nd from the arms of mercy leap,
deep thro' the fiery wave.

Thro' all divine restraints they broke,
nought their career could stop ;
nd now a God has fix'd their doom,
and shuts their eve of hope,

While o'er our race thou deigns to brood,
and spreads thy feathers wide,
each me beneath thy spreading wing,
my guilty self to hide.

XXIX. M A T T H. XXI. 12.

The mighty ONE, who long has dwelt
in house unmade with hands,
ow 'neath the consecrated roof,
of Zion's temple stands.

'Twas to this God, ye hallow'd tribes,
you breath'd sweet incense round ;
these organs with sonorous voice,
did his loud praises sound.

Long did he on these cherubs wings,
in clouded glory dwell ;
that matchless splendor he shed forth,
the *Urim* long did tell.

Wash now, ye priests, your crimson hands,
no more your fingers stain ;

From

From th' altars horns the heifers loose,
untie the lamb again.

5 You need not point MESSIAH out,
by all these bloody signs,

When now within these sacred walls,
his cloudless glory shines.

6 'Tis now high time to quench the flames,
that on these altars burn ;

The GOD to whom these victims smoke,
will these burnt off'rings spurn.

7 Hence unmolested let the lambs,
still crop the flow ry mead,

The LAMB of GOD gives them reprieve,
for them you'll see him bleed.

8 This priest will soon an altar raise,
but will no bullock slay ;

Himself, himself, his blessed self,
he on the wood will lay.

9 Unbloody off'rings hence to heaven,
each contrite heart shall raise,

'Neath nature's temple's sacred roof,
all flesh shall chaunt his praise.

10 Ye throngs who round the inner courts,
breathe your desires on high ;

The very GOD that heareth pray'r,
just now is standing by.

XXX. M A T T H. XXI. 12.

Now JESUS treads the hallow'd floor,
and inmost splendors views :
Each corner of these famed courts,
to him pollution shews.

The impious bands are swarming round,
intent on lawless gain :
Tortion, fraud, and black deceit,
the warm oblations stain.

What need that HE who owes this house,
should quickly twine his rod,
And teach these daring sons of shame,
'twas consecrate to GOD.

A scourge so mild will slightly lash
this sacrilegious throng,
Who with their scarlet colour'd deeds,
defil'd thy roof so long.

This holy ground was ne'er inclos'd
for sublunary trade ;
From earth 'twas funder'd, and to heav'n,
these walls were sacred made.

Blest JESUS, plait these cords anew,
and deign to view my mind !
Down in that temple rear'd to thee,
such buyers thou mayst find.

I often mint to clear that house,
and throw the tables down,
These bold intruders back again,
do find their way too soon.

Nought, nought, but thine almighty arm,
can these disturbers chace ;
No' human power should force them out,
they still resume their place.

On altar of a contrite heart,
May I pure incense raise,
And every power still undisturb'd,
concur to sing thy praise.

XXXI. M A T T H. VIII. 20.

1 Was he who built the heaven of heavens,
 that utters loud this cry ;
For all that breathes he made fit beds,
 yet has not where to lie.

2 For all the choirs that wing the air,
 he builds the downy nest,
Yet now envys the feather'd tribes,
 who find meet place for rest.

3 Ev'n o'er the foxes harmful head,
 the stately arch he laid,
'Neath midnight damps his own blest head,
 by grassy pillow's staid.

4 Earth's tenants round know each a shade,
 to cool noon's fervid ray,
But he that feeds the solar flame,
 must bear the scorching day.

5 All on his parent arm reclin'd,
 are midst soft slumbers lost ;
But nought IMMANUEL on that day,
 but earth's cold bed could boast.

6 His fingers spun yon spangl'd web,
 as curtains for the sky ;
Now nought but these surround his couch,
 whereon he deigns to lie.

7 Unnumber'd guests in his wide house,
 on downy pillows sleep ;
While their blest Hos'r on wearied limbs,
 must nightly vigils keep.

8 Man shelter'd 'neath his spreading root,
 the gathering storm defies,

But 'neath the angry raving blast,
how oft IMMANUEL lies.

XXXII. MATT. XVII. 2.

TWas wonder when MESSIAH stript
th' eternal robes he wore ;
But none to see him dress again,
in garb long us'd before.

Nor wonder tho' thou *Tabor* shine,
'till earth light her last blaze ;
Thro' that effulgence round thee spread,
by SHILOH's dazzling rays.

High favour'd mount, that o'er thy head,
display'd far brighter view,
Than ev'n ten thousand worlds combin'd,
could thro' all ages shew.

Well might the sun drink up his rays,
and for a day take rest :
To dart one ray while JESUS shone,
had of his oil been wafte.

Lo ! GABRIEL warm with love divine,
in deep prostration bends ;
To draw the royal mantle on,
his chearful aid he lends.

A robe shap'd by no finite hand,
deep dipt in richest die,
These heavenly bearers downward brought,
from wardrobe of the sky.

The hues that paint the rosy east,
when morning spreads its wing,
Would prove as midnight shewn with noon,
before this mighty KING.

8 These shining heralds from above,
his matchless splendor spy,
And low adoring find his beams,
too strong for finite eye.

9 No wonder tho' these fav'rites round
yet hous'd in brittle clay,
Should be involv'd in awful thoughts,
'neath heav'n's increasing day.

10 Well might they seek to pitch their tents,
in that delightful place,
Where rapturous smiles incessant glance,
from th' uncreated face.

11 Beat high my soul, this lustre beams,
on ZION's tow'ring hill ;
Soon will the blissful sight unfold,
and all thy longings fill.

XXXIII. LUKE VIII. 23.

1 F he that rides the bridled winds,
shall from their wings alight ;
How quick they sweep along the plain
and spread a gen'ral fright.

2 The peaceful deep stirr'd by their breath,
now mounts its billows high ;
And proudly aims with briny foam
to wash the azure sky.

3 Bold was the tempest thus to rage,
on the Tiberian lake,
E're JESUS on his homely couch,
did his soft slumbers break.

4 What wonder tho' th' astonish'd crew,
should heave aloud that cry,

Wh-

When on the mountain surges pois'd,
they to the stars draw nigh.

5 While wave on wave with haughty pride,
quite o'er their vessel rides ;
Unconscious that the GOD of storms
now in its womb abides.

6 Lo ! how they gape with wid'ning jaws,
for prey still roar aloud ;
Tho' millions by them swallow'd down,
lie bosom'd in the flood.

7 But Oh ! how soon their pride takes flight,
when JESUS looks around ;
At's sight the wind retire ashame'd,
thus boist'rous to be found.

8 How soon th' unquiet sea is calm'd
and smooths each angry frown !
Repenting thus around her GOD,
to be in ferment thrown.

9 Behold my soul, unreas'ning waves,
thus mark th' almighty nod ;
Blush then, if thy rebellious breast
forget a speaking GOD.

10 In upright bolums oft he dwells,
there stands his pleasing seat ;
Beware least storms thy God provoke,
from thence to make retreat.

XXXIV. MARK I. 24.

WILL too the black infernal bands,
in yonder den that growl,
Their stubborn neck to JESUS bow,,
and yield to his controul ?

2 Yes, at his summons they must sit,
and to their chains return,
Where sheets of sulphur flaming high,
all round their prison burn.

3 The softest whisper of a God
to fiends fresh torture brings :
Their bosoms 'tore his face divine,
are prick'd with poison'd stings.

4 Just in the stile of hell they cry,
to JESUS quit their claim ;
Tho' long blasphemers, yet with awe
they speak th' incarnate name.

5 How harsh the sound, to hear despair
pronounce MESS. AH known ?
Yet with that breath their blifter'd tongues,
all hopes from him disown.

6 Well may they know his high descent,
their gloom with howlings rang :
When at his birth angelick hosts,
their sweetest anthems sang.

7 Full sore they felt his glitt'ring sword,
the wounds will never close ;
It gasht when on blaspheming bands
MESSIAH godlike role.

8 No wonder tho' they roar aloud,
to hear his mildest sound ;
And dread a deeper plunge in woe,
with yet far deeper wound.

9 Before his rising frown they calm,
and soon their hold forsake ;
At once he locks their impious jaws,
nor will their fetters break,

10 Ador'd be that almighty hand

that forg'd their bars so strong ;
and screens each hour my guilty head
from this internal throng.

XXXV. L U K E X I X. 4.

SEE how *Zaccheus* climbs aloft
above the noisy crowd,
to see the wond'rous man that rain'd
unceasing showers of good.

Soon from the yielding bough he starts,
when JESUS comes in view :
maz'd to find th' illustrious ONE
his designation knew.

How could thy face be strange to him,
who did its features sketch :
and to adjust its various lines,
his compass there did stretch ?

His hand mark'd out that smoothed plain,
just o'er thy cloudless brow :
is pencil on thy ruddy cheek,
imprest'd that blooming hue.

'Twas easy too to find thy name ;
he glanc'd lifes rolls on high,
golden characters engrav'd,
Zaccheus he did spy.

Now thou hast seen old *Jesse's* stem,
that from the ground did rise :
o matchless beauties grace his brow,
in thy admiring eyes ?

Say publican, art thou repaid
thy borrowings of the tree ?
ethinks it was a gaining day

tha

that

that JESUS glanc'd on thee.

8 Sure finite numbers cannot count,
the profits of that hour ;

When JESUS in thine op'ning ear
this blissful sound did pour.

9 O ! haste, and hail thy heavenly guest,
on him no welcome spare ;
Thou shalt not tread a step for nought,
he'll largely pay his fare.

XXXVI. L U K E X I X . 8.

ZACCHEUS raptur'd at the call,
down from the bough descends ;
And 'neath his hospitable roof,
his royal guest attends.

2 With tribute crowds unheeded stand,
but no receiver find :
Aims far transcending golden ore,
now fill Zaccbeus' mind.

3 All low desires are lull'd asleep,
no more he thirsts for gold :
His fingers loos'ning drop the world,
and quick on heaven catch hold.

4 While he reviews life's bygone stage,
he deems these pursuits vain :
His squeamish bosom often heaves,
to throw his wealth again.

5 See how unbidden he resigns,
the helpless orphans spoil :
And next to heaven his heart devotes
the fruits of honest toil.

6 He tutor'd in MESSIAH's school,

soon this hard lesson knows :
d ripest fruit in early spring,
he to the world now shows.

The qualms of his late feverish mind,
that instant disappear ;
wonder, when at his right hand
the blest physician's near.

Transform'd in twinkling of an eye,
we view a new-born mind ;
ught of the former godless man,
in these resolves we find.

Tho' cold the earth, yet love divine
soon in his heart did flame :
ose kindl'd now by heav'nly breath,
how does *Zacchaeus* shame.

Yet let no black misgiving thoughts
o'er upright bosoms spread ;
ause on them such sudden warmth,
from JESUS was not shed.

XXXVII. LUKE VI. 10.

VHat ceaseless havock dire disease,
o'er human kind has spread ;
ce that dark morn, fair innocence
from these low regions fled.

How fit that he who owes this world,
should from his seat descend ;
d to woe's unrestrained sweep,
put the long wish'd-for end ?

From this wide hospital of earth,
what mingling groans resound :
cells of grief on every side,

heart

heart-melting sights are found.

4 Still thro' this sublunary vale,
ills unresisted ride ;

'Till in oblivion's dusky land,
our drooping heads we hide.

5 Beneath MESSIAH's healing hand,
what numbers prostrate lie !

Here one with his unwielding arm,
for his kind aid draws nigh.

6 What wonder tho' a penfive air,
fits on his down-cast brow :
Since o'er his lifeless blighted hand,
death printed yonder hue.

7 Unvigorous see it wither'd hangs,
nor could these fingers stretch
To grasp a bright imperial crown,
tho' laid within their reach.

8 When nature casts cold winter's cloak,
and decks in crimson dy :
To nip a bud from summer's lap,
were vain for him to try.

9 Or should he mint with faultring voice,
sweet heavens to implore :
He cannot raise this blasted hand
to knock at mercy's door.

10 But at MESSIAH's royal word,
new circling vigour flows :
The pulse loos'd from its long arrest,
its wonted circuit knows.

11 How wise to mark MESSIAH's nod,
and at his bidding fly :
When cured at his mighty word,
this wither'd arm we spy.

XXXVIII. ACTS X. 38.

What weary steps IMMANUEL trod,
to spread his blessings round !
Oft spent with toil on grassy couch,
his blessed limbs are found.

To smooth the brow of dire distress,
was ay his godlike care ;
To break affliction's falling stroke,
no pains his arm did spare.

The shoulder sinking 'neath its load,
still met his friendly aid ;
When swooning 'midst sour draughts of woe,
men's heads he often staid.

To groans he gave a patient ear,
and calm'd the sobbing heart :
deep digg'd wounds still pour'd fresh oil,
and eas'd their painful smart.

What myriads 'neath the pleasing moon,
were plung'd in cheerless night !
Till he with sympathetick hand,
unlock'd the doors of light.

Ten thousand tongues unbred to speech,
he taught their wants to tell :
Ho for the first to heaven's high praise,
their throats all joyous swell.

He smooths the passages of sound,
and bores th' unopen'd ear :
Then swift the sweet harmonious airs,
astonish'd mortals hear.

Distressful throngs from pining couch,
soon at his bidding rise :

The helpless feel his kind support,
and cease despairing cries.

9 Limbs wither'd, at his bidding spring,
fresh strength trills fast around ;
The leper's vaileed snowy front,
with freshest bloom he crown'd.

10 The flow'ry meads can well attest,
how bounteous is his hand ;
Where thousand tasted plenteous meals,
that grew from his command.

XXXIX. M A R K XV. 17.

SEE HIM whose high almighty hand,
heaven's sceptre long has sway'd,
Now fisted at a lawless bar,
and by bold worms defy'd.

2 Now in derision must he grasp,
the brittle waving reed ;
While too the mock triumphant crown,
wreaths round his blessed head.

3 All scornful on the knee they sink,
with scoffs MESSIAH hail ;
Beneath whose frown the howling fiends,
for ay unpitied wail.

4 Was't not enough, exalted ONE !
thou stript thyself so bare ?
But must th' insulting wretch again,
thy vesture dare to tear.

5 Now in mock purple see him drest !
who wore so fair array ;
Long e'er these heav'ns his liv'ries wore,
or shone with rising day.

6 All nature weep perpetual dews,
to see him clad in shame ;
Who heard hosannahs ceaseless ring,
to his eternal name.

7 He cloath'd the herbage of the field,
in suits of richest dye ;
Yet see his blessed shoulders clad,
with rags of infamy.

8 In scornful pomp he's led along,
at yonder bār to stand ;
While 'gainst his high majestic brow,
bold wretches lift the hand.

9 Say, wears he now the purple garb ?
you lent him this in scorn ;
Oh ! no ; his robes of dazzling hue,
outshine the rosy morn.

10 Has JESUS yet a real sway,
what sceptre bears he now ?
Is't 'neath this yielding bruised reed
that you his foes still bow ?

XL. M A R K XV. 17.

O ! How I bleed to see these brows
feel agonizing pain ;
While thence the trickling purple streams,
thy seamless vesture stain.

2 These blessed temples well it suits,
far other crown to wear ;
Which heav'ns eternal diadem,
e'er birth of time did bear.

3 Accurs'd forever be these briars,
that prick'd thy blessed head ;

Or rather blasted be that hand,
which wrought this shocking deed.

4 Bright pearls set in glitt'ring rows,
would on these tresses fade ;
How low thy godlike grandeur lies,
when thorns all o'er them spread.

5 These rainy eyes that dew'd yon hill,
with sympathetick streams,
Amidst the crimson fluid swim,
and dart but cloudy beams.

6 O ! impious *Hierusalem*,
that will not yet relent !
Say, was't for this his bloody tears
on *Olivet* were spent ?

7 Why does not nature rend her frame,
and moulder at the sight ?
When nature's GOD, 'twixt earth and hell,
stands in such dismal plight.

8 O ! sun, how couldst thou smile above,
and heedless run thy race !
Or at that hour unsorrowing stare,
on JESUS' clouded face !

9 But ah ! not guiltless were my hands,
that hour they lent their aid ;
That moment on his wounded head,
my rueful crimes were laid.

10 These with their bristly venom'd points,
did prick his inmost soul ;
They made black wrathful terrors rise,
and o'er his mind to roll.

XLI. M A T T. XXVI. 67.

O Lush, O ! blush, surrounding heavens,
O at this amazing view !
face divine besmear'd all o'er,
by yon blaspheming crew.

No act so foul, from time's wide womb,
was ever brought to view,
this against MESSIAH done
by that abandon'd crew.

Durst hell itſelf have dar'd to spit,
full in the face of God ?
The fiends would shudder, tho' their necks
beneath his heel are trode.

O ! could that worse than hellish deed,
be hid from seraphs ken !
blackest colours must they draw,
the actors of this scene.

Long did they gaze on his fair brow,
its darting smile to meet :
their breasts with warmeft transports glow'd,
while prostrate at his feet.

While on that cheek surrounding bands,
their impious mouths now teem ;
t even the GOD-defying wretch,
thou deigned to redeem.

Pure chryſtal currents from his side,
he pours, to wash their stains ;
d yet 'tis thus with matchless hate,
they recompence his pains.

But Oh ! dare I disclaim the deed,
or shew a guiltless hand !

Oft with that wrong I say *Amen*,
tho' there I did not stand.

9 On me that visage once was marr'd,
with beaming mercy shine ;
Resent not tho' with yonder crowd,
too oft I did combine.

XLII. M A T T. XXVI. 74.

DOst thou not know that blessed face ?
O ! Peter look again ;
The sound of these unkindly words,
will give **MESSIAH** pain.

2 What tho' his cheek retain the print,
of unexampled woe ?
Yet may thine eyes now sparkling shame,
his sorrowing visage know.

3 His brow's not furrow'd yet by time,
tho' wrinkl'd deep with blows ;
While o'er his head supernal wrath,
in swelling surges flows.

4 His blessed face, without disguise
was not to thee unknown ;
And dar'st thou then thy **LORD** forswear,
in unrelenting tone.

5 O ! could this shocking word get vent,
how couldst thou breathe this sound !
Which to **IMMANUEL**'s bleeding heart,
transfix'd so deep a wound.

6 This horrid speech proves its descent,
it sinells full rank of hell ;
That by some fiends these thoughts were spaw
their issues clearly tell.

Yet why so warmly are they hatch'd,
in thy unguarded mind ?
When told that satan meant to sift
thee, 'fore the winnowing wind.

Think, O ! think, is this thy faith,
thou didst unbidden plight ;
When warned by thy bosom friend,
of this dire coming night.

What brittle things are man's resolves,
how like the cobweb blown ;
Behind the raging blasts of sense,
their place is seldom known.

Thou Peter holds a mirrour up,
to point me out my heart ;
Thus with the stoutest will it fare,
if hell thus plays its part.

XLIII. JOHN XIX. 5.

Pursue, my soul, the blessed MAN,
thro' life's dark painful race ;
More enamour'd at each view,
and praise thy being's SOURCE.

Look on while to regardless winds,
he whispers the sad tale ;
hat heaven's kind Host oft looks in vain,
to taste a scanty meal.

Behold the cistern of his soul,
with grief charg'd to the brim ;
sorrows boiling from his heart,
his eye-balls nightly swim.

See heaven's ADOR'D all patient bear,
th' insulting wretches scorn ;

His name eternally rever'd,
by impious mouths is torn.

5 But Oh ! attend the closing scene,
see countleſſ wonders rise ;
If thou can't bear the piercing sound,
of thy CREATOR's cries.

6 With smiles, that son of black deceit,
I see him step to meet ;
And with an unrefeſſful brow,
that horrid traitor greet.

7 He saw the furnace flame with wrath,
warm'd by almighty ire,
Yet dauntless leaps to catch the brands,
and quench the glowing fire.

8 Behold him panting 'neath the tree,
with viſage deeply stain'd,
And all his quick high feeling powers,
by rending agonies pain'd.

9 No wonder tho' the sun withdrew
and shun'd the shocking fight,
Nor tho' the earth 'neath such a load,
did at its center fright.

XLIV. ISA. LIII. 5.

Unmeasur'd wrath a pond'rous load,
o'er earth unpois'd did hang,
To crush our race, and make them feel
th' intollerable pang.

2 IMMANUEL meets the awful weight,
and on his shoulders bore ;
That ire 'neath which innum'rous fiends,
shall howl in endless roar.

Sore was he bruis'd, when o'er his head,
the dreadful mountain fell :
How he was crush'd, ten thousand pores,
each, springing blood, may tell.

All agonizing on the ground,
his blessed body's bent ;
Unshaking still the load sustain'd,
till all its ire was spent.

Tho' man that vengeance did provoke,
at him too meant the stroke ;
Yet JESUS meets the bursting cloud ;
on him that thunder broke.

No crime his guiltless breast did stain,
yet stripes he feels full sore ;
Which all the tender nervous web,
at once in sunder tore.

By sympathetick bosom urg'd,
stern justice arm he staid ;
And 'neath its unrelenting scourge,
his blessed shoulders laid.

An expiation for man's guilt,
the vital flame he yields ;
And thus the thankless human race,
from heav'n's revenges shields.

T' appease its ire his precious soul,
he on the altar lays ;
Regardless tho' the lightning's flame,
around his off'ring plays.

Of all man's ill he bore the blame,
then in his stead he dies ;
And at the foot of justice' throne,
a breathless victim lies.

XLV. ISA. LIII. 7.

WHile justice thunder'd round his head,
see JESUS all serene ;
How like a GOD he stands the shock,
and dauntless views the scene !

2 Unbridl'd tempests rav'd around,
yet see th' unruffled soul !

No rising wave of discontent,
did thro' his bosom roll.

3 Meek as the lamb, tied fast for death,
he unrepining lies,

When foe unpitying, to his throat,
the deadly weapon tries.

4 Or as the dame unbleating lies,
'neath hands by which 'tis shorn, ;

Nor once complains when from its side,
the fleecy vesture's torn.

5 No ear, or human or divine,
heard him th' insult return ;

Nor did his breast 'midst causeless wrongs
with rising rancour burn.

6 When once his cheek by impious hands,
did meet the vengeful blow ;

He stopt the flaming thunder-bolt,
just lighting on the foe.

7 When purple streams gush'd from his brow,
fluic'd by the thorny crown ;

All gracious pity from his heart,
that hour, ran faster down.

8 When guards celestial in amaze,
their weapons brandish'd high,

Impatient till the HIGHEST nod,
to let their vengeance fly.

That hour with eye intent on heav'n,
how warmly he implores
Heaven's blessings o'er relentless foes,
from mercy's boundless stores.

A cup wrung full of bitter wrath,
ev'n to the dregs he sips :
Leav'n deaf to yon heart-rending cry,
still holds it to his lips.

O scene of woe ! MESSIAH mourns
with unavailing cry ;
These groans which nature loud resounds,
yet disregarded lie.

How meek, when last convulsive throes
his deep press'd soul do rend ;
And 'neath a load of human guilt,
his godlike shoulders bend.

XLVI. M A R K XV. 36.

Ave all the ancient chrystal springs,
that ooze from yonder sky,
W'd down the upper floods in rain,
and drain'd their cisterns dry ?

That JESUS thus unheeded cries,
for but one cooling drop ?
yet above, beneath and round,
the fountains seem to stop.

t length a bosom harder freez'd,
than the cold northern snow,
the fell potion from the sponge,
thro' his bless'd lips to flow.

- 4 Amidst the last dissolving pang,
 poor cordial this must prove ;
Sour was this draught compar'd to that,
 thy ransom'd quaff above.
- 5 How hard, that of thy rightful own,
 thou dost not find supply ;
That nature 'midst unheard of need,
 should thus her GOD deny.
- 6 How sweet the cup which thy blest hand
 to seraphim ay fills ;
Unpalatable is this stream,
 that thro' thy bosom trills.
- 7 Suspend your rage, ye impious crowd,
 nor dare these dregs to squeeze ;
Presume you, to the PRINCE OF LIFE,
 to wring these bitter lees ?
- 8 If unrepenting for this deed,
 you to the grave shall sink ;
Soon will a cup of sourer taste,
 be mingled for your drink.
- 9 Not guiltless I, my fingers pres'd
 some drops of yonder draught ;
From faulty deeds my hands have wrought,
 his cup with wrath was fraught.
- 10 The sweets of sin, short ferment o'er,
 to rankest bitters fall,
Which in MESSIAH's blessed mouth,
 did taste far worse than gall.
- 11 O ! blessed, blessed be the man,
 who bore these griefs for me ;
And 'midst these writhing tortures hung,
 on ignominious tree.

XLVII. MARK XIV. 36.

Eternal FATHER, stay thy hand,
and grant one breathing hour ;
sneeze not so fast these wrathful dregs,
which thus unceasing pour.

O ! from on high, all piteous view
my agonizing throes ;
how I'm scorch'd, while o'er my head
thy boiling surges close.

Behold this cup, O how it fumes,
with vengeance mingled high !
melts my inmost bowels down,
and must I drink it dry ?

Hell's hottest waves to this are cool,
one drop would make fiends reel ;
mind it, these blaspheming bands,
no tortures more should feel.

O ! let these former draughts suffice,
nor bid me taste it more ;
see how fast the purple flood,
boils out from ev'ry pore.

How I was squeez'd beneath thy hand,
these nerves unbidden tell ;
who beneath th' almighty load,
could one short moment dwell !

This midnight hour, both earth and hell,
against me close combine ;
I can thine arms of vengeance too,
my naked soul entwine,
s pity blotted from the skies,
does heaven forget to love ;

And

And canst thou to thy holy CHILD,
one hour unpiteous prove ?

9 May not some cheaper victim die,
as ransom for man's guilt ?

Will nought its restlets cry suffice,
till heav'n's best blood be spilt ?

10 Will justice unabating prove,
nor once these agonies heed ;
Must yet my naked breast be pierc'd,
e're from its hands I'm free'd.

XLVIII. M A R K X I V . 36.

How dire must be that weight of pain,
'neath which these shoulders bend ?
'Twas far above a finite arm,
such awful blows to lend.

2 And dost thou shrink, almighty FRIEND,
to wade th' abyfs of woe ;
And shudder at the wrathful flood,
where ireful billows flow.

3 What if a GOD shall snatch the cup,
from JESUS trembling hand ;
And for the race that did the wrong,
let all its bitters stand ?

4 Thrice awful hour, did e'er a world,
in equal peril hang ?
As did our own, when with yon shout,
astonish'd nature rang.

5 Had he whose wide unshutting ear,
still listens to our cry,
But at MESSIAH's word stept down,
this vengeful cup to dry.

Men by its taste had stagger'd down,
to an eternal hell ;
and sunk to dark despairing climes,
'midst tortures still to dwell.

This darkest spot, in map of time,
begins full fast to clear :
the meridian of his love,
see JESUS now appear.

His lips recal th' alarming wish,
strong agonies thence did wring ;
he brimful cup back to his mouth,
his blessed fingers bring.

'Gainst my late prayer, O FATHER shut
the windows of the sky ;
till still thy will the cause decide,
and my request deny.

Smite on, smite on, till it suffice,
regardless of my pain ;
all of the ransom of these souls,
no mite unpaid remain.

XLIX. MARK XV. 34.

Y GOD, where are thy wonted smiles,
and wilt thou these suspend,
when 'neath a more than finite weight
my sinking spirits bend ?

Even to thy uncreated eyes,
the woes I feel are new ;
the scene to this, eternity,
will never spread to view.

Men ! universal nature round,
each spring to me is dry ;

And

And must I now to crown my pangs,
be outcast from on high.

4 These pangs will to an universe,
thy strictest justice show ;
That treason 'gainst a GOD draws deep,
thy brightest hosts will know.

5 Far higher lustre round thy throne,
by every throe shall burn,
Than if this dearly ransom'd race,
to roaring fiends should turn.

6 Of worlds ten thousand now unmade,
the dwellers yet unborn,
With deepest awe will often hear,
why these my hands were torn.

7 Thy love divine in every groan,
from pole to pole resounds ;
Thy mercy's fame thro' nature rings,
from lips of these my wounds.

8 These streams that dye the trembling ground,
shall keep thy truth unstain'd ;
And to each son of reason prove,
thy threats are all unfeign'd.

9 These stripes will shew thy hate divine,
against man's crimson crimes,
Far more than hell's tremendous roar,
thro' all succeeding times.

10 That guilt and woe go hand in hand,
my dying breath will teach ;
That pain is ay the brat of ill,
solemnly will it preach.

11 If then thy glory by my blood,
shall spread itself so wide,
Thou wilt not at this darksome hour,

thy wonted comforts hide.

L. JOHN XIX. 30.

NOW, now the arduous work is done,
the price of souls is paid ;
nd in the treasury of the skies,
the promis'd ransom's laid.

Let now injur'd OMNIPOTENCE,
say if ought more is due ;
nd I the direful conflict past,
will yet for man renew.

Let heaven produce its equal scales,
to weigh man's deepest wrong ;
nd if my payment yet prove scrimp,
my writhing pangs prolong.

FATHER, I lie beneath thy stroke,
the blow I will not shun,
ll thou proclaim to choirs on high,
redemption work is done.

I yield not up my final breath,
nor bow my sinking head ;
ll to the bright angelick hosts,
my ancient bond be spread.

If justice yet one mite demands,
bring in its ancient claim ;
ith cheerful hand, from 'midst my heart,
I'll instant wring the same.

That mixture of almighty ire,
my lips did patient drain :
e vessel's empty, not one drop
ev'n of its lees remain

FATHER, the awful deed discharge,

and nail it to this tree ;
That to the closing hour of time,
the ransom'd may go free.

LI. LUKE XXIII. 44.

O Death ! resistless is thy power,
uncounted are thy slain :
Each passing age has own'd thy sway,
and felt heart-rending pain.

2 Wide o'er this globe thy empires bounds,
thro' downward tracts has spread ;
In thy damp solitary realms,
all ranks have made their bed.

3 Infatiate unrelenting foe,
could not all earth suffice ;
But must thou aim thy blow on high,
and reach death to the skies.

4 I cease to wonder, tho' I view
earth's monarchs gasping lie ;
While midst thy agonizing pangs,
I see MESSIAH die.

5 And did he die who stood beside,
while he resigned his breath ?
Which of the bright ethereal hosts,
shut his blest eyes in death ?

6 Then far and wide, thro' nature's realms,
the awful tidings flew ;
Creation dress'd that hour in black,
and wore a mourning hue.

7 Th' angelick choirs pause in their songs,
nor hallelujahs sound,
While thro' the vales of paradise,
their MAKER's groans resound.

Hell thro' her dismal tenfold gloom,
sounds loud the awful din ;
While JESUS bleeds for guilty man,
but bears not angels sin.

O earth ! how couldst thou bear the weight,
of an expiring GOD ?
How could thy maffy pillars stand
beneath thy awful load ?

No wonder tho' thy mountains clave,
and rocks in sunder part,
when JESUS feels the pointed spear,
approach his glowing heart.

Ye azure skies, why chang'd the suit
you on that ev'ning wore ?
When he that spread your curtains out,
by maffy nails was tore.

Thou radiant sun, whose distant rays,
gilds o'er the rosy morn ;
Why wears thy face so bright a smile,
since thy CREATOR's torn.

Thou silver moon, why didst thou shine
on that dark midnight hour,
which MESSIAH's crimson sweat,
low on the ground did pour ?

Ye starry lamps in heav'n's high roof,
that in clear sockets burn,
Why did not JESSE's STAR's eclipse,
your rays to dimness turn ?

Hail not, ye larks that soar on high,
the dark returning dawn ;
which the GOD that tun'd your throats,
to shameful death is drawn.

LII. MATT. XXVII. 50.

WHAT voice was yon that breath'd so strong,
and pierc'd the azure skies,
'Twas JESUS who on boiling flood,
of wrath unmixed lies.

2 Thro' all his agonizing pow'r's,
its billows wildly roll ;

They force the doors of thought aside,
and roar thro' all his soul.

3 Now heav'n suspends its wonted smile,
black fiends are hov'ring round ;

They paint deep horrors o'er his mind,
and loud blasphemies sound.

4 In plenteous drops, the purging stream,
springs fast from ev'ry pore ;
And by the spreading crimson dews,
he clears the awful score.

5 Tho' death in all his horrors dreft,
and grin'd with ireful frown ;
Unmov'd he stands the dreadful brunt,
till all his darts are thrown.

6 At length the deadly foe prevails,
the vital flame sinks low ;
Nor wonder when almighty wrath,
does thus around it blow.

7 His head that long sustain'd the shock,
begins at last to sink ;
Now push'd thro' every lane of life,
he hovers on its brink.

8 How sharp the stripes that on his back,
the arm of justice laid ?
Till with the parting pang he cried,
man's guilt is fully paid.

The source of life now sets in death,
behold his eye-lids close,
And with a loud triumphant voice,
concludes unheard-of woes.

LIL. LUKE XXIII. 53.

OH now ! a conquest of high worth,
the victor death has won ;
This captives fall, the affrighted earth,
did to her center stunn.

The KING of terrors sorely ru'd,
that he the dart had thrown,
When on the bloody field of death,
the PRINCE of PEACE was known.

He'll urge the grisly tyrant on,
to throw this fatal dart ;
Unmindful, that their hopeless shades
must feel its painful smart.

Sure heaven this hour will wrest the blade,
from death's unpitying hand ;
And why this awful murder done,
in angry tone demand ?

Now, on the bed of honour spread,
in death's cold arms he sleeps :
Nature beholds and wrings her hands,
and all discons'late weeps.

Now reeking by the flaming bolts,
the thunder scars appear,
While legions from the upper world,
astonish'd view the bier.

No wonder, earth should take affright,
and wide her bosom rend ;
While seraphs in new mournings clad,

all

all round the corpse descend.

- 8 That bed, of all dishonour stript ;
 'tis glorious since to die ;
 For he that rounded heaven's high orbs,
 breath'd an expiring cry.
- 9 Ye friends of JESUS, shrink no more,
 at the grim forms of death ;
 Sure 'tis high honour, like your GOD,
 to yield your fleeting breath.
- 10 The foe's dread launce has left its point,
 in JESUS' bleeding side ;
 Then fear not, when with blunted spear,
 he makes his widest stride.

LIV. LUKE XXIII. 53.

EARTH may unfold her finest web,
 to swathe his mighty hands ;
 Who o'er her gloomy darksome sphere,
 the azure sheet expands.

- 2 Who from the fleecy cloud did spin,
 the curtains of the night,
 And wove the cloth that spreads the east,
 which glows with dies so bright.
- 3 'Tis highly fit the spicey climes,
 their rich perfumes should yield
 To HIM whose fragrance ceaseless breathes,
 o'er the Arabian field.
- 4 And must these eye-lids be lock'd down,
 and bid adieu to day ?
 Wrapt round in bandages of death,
 no beams around them play.
- 5 The funeral pomp, solemn and slow,
 moves thro' th' unheeding throng ;

H Y M N S.

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Ten thousand legions from on high,
support the bier along.

While puny mortals stand aside,
and tow'ring honours fly ;
The seraphs snatch their brightest plumes,
while soaring silent by.

'Till now, no angel heav'd a sigh,
or dreſt in ſable hue ;
Their cheeks before were never dew'd ;
to them this ſcene is new.

Black streamers wave to mark each prize,
death from the living steals ;
upper worlds none knew before,
what man on death-bed feels.

Strange fight ! a burial from the skies,
and yet that fun'ral thin ;
ho' hosts above would ſeem to ſtrive,
each near his corſe to win.

How oft in thought I tread that ground,
'midſt tributary tears ?
JESUS, tomb at midnight step,
and bury all my fears.

This is the walk, tho' lone and ſtill,
where wiſdom's ſons retire ;
here oft their kindling ſouls do blaze,
and catch celeſtial fire.

Ye ſons of pleasure, ſend your thoughts,
to view this awful ſpot ;
more shall riot end each day,
on purer themes you'll doat.

LV. LUKE XXIII. 53.

Ow earth rips up her rocky breast ;
the lonely couch is spread ;

And 'neath that low unsunny roof,
MESSIAH makes his bed.

2 No foe insults his slumbering clay ;
the grave's a peaceful home :
At last he finds a calm retreat,
within his virgin tomb.

3 The grave astonish'd at her guest,
sore dreads her sway is past ;
Behind this fatal hour suspects,
her empire will not last.

4 Full fast she feels the high perfumes,
thro' her damp rooms to spread :
Sweet-breathing odours quickly scent
the mansions of the dead.

5 Thro' all these shades a gleam appears ;
the grave with hope is green :
Its tenfold gloom begins to clear ;
bright dawnings then were seen.

6 Undress, ye fav'rites of the sky,
nor be with fears opprest,
Amidst this low unnoisy house,
you'll undisturbed rest.

7 No clam'rous tongue this PRINCE annoys,
while 'midst soft slumbers lost ;
Yet 'tis short while, O cruel grave !
thou canst this conquest boast.

8 Thy inner chambers shall unfold,
when JESUS breaks their bands,
The bars long rusting on its gates,
fly at his high commands.

9 I'll cheerful bid this world farewell,
nor dread to step aside ;
All fearless yield the grave its due,
and in its realms reside.

10 The blessed ONE his pillow left,
when he forsook that bed :
On it my head shall lie full soft,
when that dark couch is made.

LVI. ACTS X. 40.

Does not the pulse of nature pause,
while JESUS breathless lies ?
How can the streams of life aby flow,
when thus their fountain dies ?

O earth ! how dead thy spacious womb,
if now it feels no pain,
While therein meanly shrivell'd up,
the SON of GOD lies slain.

This guest makes thus thy bosom throb,
and heave that sad'ning groan ;
Methinks thy breast with dread is tost,
as if black deed were done.

No wonder tho' thou dost not rest,
tho' pangs should rend thy womb ;
When JESUS wrapt in winding-sheet,
sleeps in his sealed tomb.

O grave ! boast not of this thy guest ;
thy triumph will not laste :
These fetters soon shall rend in twain,
whereby he's bound so fast.

He'll stay to warm thy deep damp rooms ;
perfume thy dreary bed :
rosy couch in thy dim vaults,
for all his friends he'll spread.

Methinks I see the angel bend,
to set the pris'ner free,

Commission'd to unlock the tomb,
with yonder polish'd key.

8 How chang'd the scene ! creation throws
her mourning liv'ries by ;
And all her orbs make haste to clothe,
in robes of fairest die.

9 Now JESUS bursts the bands of death,
while heav'n beams strong around ;
And thro' the universal space,
the highest transports found.

10 With cloth in-glory dipt full deep,
behold him quick array ;
All heav'n admires the wond'rous garb,
more that its ground is clay.

11 Before he leaves the vaulted gloom,
he makes the grave's cold bed ;
And thro' her calm unsightly rooms,
rich heav'nly fragrance shed.

12 New angels from the tomb just rais'd,
hail this transporting morn ;
And clad in bright immortal garbs,
this rising pomp adorn.

13 Ye slumb'ring mortals, haste, awake,
and see your rising GOD,
Before he bid our world adieu,
and track yon upward road.

L V I I . L U K E X X I V . 51.

Rlest news ! a fallen world's redeem'd,
IMMANUEL's work is done ;
And from devouring jaws of death,
the mighty prize is won.

- 2 The chariots of the Lord attend,
to waft him to his crown :
This glorious triumph to conduct,
all heav'n are marching down.
- 3 Just o'er his head the op'ning heav'ns,
pour forth a blaze of day ;
While millions prostrate at his feet,
their humble homage pay.
- 4 Down on yon mount he turns his eye,
where late he bow'd the head :
What matchless transports now he feels,
to view that godlike deed !
- 5 Lo ! now he showers supernal grace,
all o'er his chosen band :
Heav'n's richest boons on ev'ry brow,
descend at his command.
- 6 The skies with loud hosannahs ring,
while JESUS springs on high :
Glad anthems found from pole to pole,
while they still heavenward fly.
- 7 Rear high your heads, ye wide-leav'd gates,
the destin'd hour is near,
When at these everlasting doors,
IMMANUEL shall appear.
- 8 Ye radiant guards who near the throne,
in ceaseless raptures stand,
Haste, wing you down, and join the rout,
the PRINCE of LIFE's at hand.
- 9 With loudest praises hail your KING,
on high let joy abound ;
And all the chrystal palaces,
with loftiest strains resound.
- 10 Ye morning stars that sang aloud,

when earth from chaos rose ;
 Far sweeter notes attempt to raise,
 this godlike work to close.

11 Let all the harps of paradise,
 high hallelujahs raise ;
 Eternal ages will be short,
 to sound forth all his praise.

12 Now there he comes pavilion'd high,
 on golden cloud he flies :
 Celestial choirs spread wide their ranks,
 and shout him through the skies.

13 The sun at his approach grows dim,
 the stars are blown aside :
 The glimmering rays before his face,
 deep in their sockets hide.

14 The upper courts appear to view,
 that residence of GOD ;
 And beaming strongest lustre round,
 they reach that blest abode.

15 'Tis past a mortal's ken to judge,
 what seraphs felt that hour,
 When from MESSIAH's lofty seat
 the glad'ning rays did pour.

16 Now JESUS sits in light enthron'd,
 with circling myriads round,
 While vail'd adorers cast their crowns,
 low on that sacred ground.

LVIII. H E B. VII. 25.

SEE JESUS nigh th' eternal throne,
 wreath'd round in glory, stand ;
 He rears aloft his godlike brow,
 and waves his mighty hand.

His lips with choicest myrrh drops down,
there still persuasion dwells :
the church to yonder heights brought up,
their pow' rful rhetorick tells.

Strong moving pleas he urges fast,
and spreads his arms full wide ;
his finger turns the mantle by,
and points his bleeding side.

His speaking wounds yet plead full loud,
and rosy lips still show ;
injustice listens to these notes,
which in soft numbers flow.

Each op'ning pore can whisper strong,
in this attentive ear :
these all prove advocates for man,
and cry " Yon rebels spare."

Till blood divine shall cease to speak,
and heav'n contemn its sound ;
no despair for blackest deeds,
in human hearts be found.

Ye blest, to whom dear JESUS, name,
breathes sweet as heav'nly balm ;
while these intercessors speak,
your anxious thoughts will calm.

Your FRIEND on high enroll'd your cause,
each seraph hears your name ;
which oft by breath of envy dimm'd,
he wipes that causeless shame.

Still as you sigh the growing want,
he notes it instant down ;
and quick from the unbounded store,
is dropt the needed boon.

How oft he spells the dawning wish,

inter-

interpreting each groan ;
 And when the heart is pointed right,
 ne'er misconstrues a moan.

LIX. *From the same Subject.*

JE S U S, our everlasting friend,
 has never su'd in vain ;
Nor thro' a wide eternity,
 will heav'n his plea disdain.

2 Deep graven on his glowing breast,
 unnumber'd names he bears ;
And with a sympathetic hand,
 he bottles up their tears.

3 The wish that in the womb of thought,
 as yet half formed lies,
He views at once, and marks it down
 in volumes of the skies.

4 To waft these naked suits above,
 he adds the downy wing ;
Which e'er the wish escapes the lip,
 the answer oft does bring.

5 When guilt arraigns in angry tone,
 and sounds dire threats aloud ;
The bold accuser stills his din,
 at sight of crimson flood.

6 Ye upright few, whose fault'ring tongues,
 oft breathe a trembling sound ;
No sigh you fetch, is lost in air,
 or falls upon the ground.

7 Why should the word freeze on the lip,
 or new born prayers die ?
Before they rend the parting heay'ns,

and reach the throne on high.

While nature sleeps, your fervent strains,
they'll find their midnight way ;
from the road to JESUS' ear,
will pious breathings stray.

String well the bow, take stedfast aims,
Before your arrows fly;
Shafts when wing'd on strong desire,
Would pierce a brazen sky.

LX. JOHN XIV. 3.

Ho' soon to earth I bid adieu,
and re-ascend my throne,
when from the yawning jaws of hell,
the human prey is won.

will not take my last embrace,
nor bid farewell for ay ;
no' to shine in brighter sphere,
I haste me fast away.

We'll meet e'er long in happier climes,
nor more asunder part,
ten death, to give your spirit vent,
shall pierce the bursting heart.

When from that springing font within,
the purple streams shall fail ;
verge of life I'll in that hour,
your flitting spirit hail.

Till then waves o'er your sinking heads,
may dash their briny foam ;
all these storms will be forgot,
when you arrive at home.

Time's billows then untongu'd shall hush,

their

their loud disturbing roar ;
 The tenants of hell's mournful gloom,
 shall steal your peace no more.

7 Near where I pitch my royal tent,
 your mansions I'll prepare ;
 Their roofs with splendor I'll adorn,
 no cost on them I'll spare.

8 In my grand triumph you shall join,
 the brightest in my train ;
 And with fresh laurels ever green,
 your wreathed brows remain.

9 Deep in my glory you shall share,
 your breasts with raptures glow ;
 While o'er your warm transported souls,
 fresh streams of bliss shall flow.

10 No hour shall part you from my smile,
 or from my bosom tend :
 New springing joys you shall partake,
 thro' ages without end.

LXI. R E V E L. XXII. 20.

Sweet JESUS hasten, and speed thee down ;
 thy friends incessant long
 To see thee skip o'er distant hills,
 amid th' angelick throng.

2 We wait to see thee rend the sky,
 and ride the floating cloud ;
 To hear the trump of GOD on high,
 to judgment sounding loud.

3 Why tarry thus thy chariot wheels ?
 dost thou that hour delay,
 When for that dread tremendous dawn,

thy saints unceasing pray.

Ten thousand deeds, by midnight vail'd,
loud, loud for doomsday cry ;
unheard-of causes are enroll'd,
for thee the JUDGE to try.

Hear injur'd innocence still groan,
and shew the gaping wound ;
wound by the sharp unblunted spear,
that malice waves around.

Appeals lodg'd twice two thousand years,
will to thy bar be brought ;
thy tribunal, full redress,
by myriads will be sought.

For THEE, for THEE, and truth's bright cause,
whole millions drag the chain ;
neath blind zeal's relentless hand,
long they unpitied pine.

Their foes oft mint to step the grave,
and sleeping dust pursue ;
in their fresh surviving fame,
the cruel stab renew.

Who does not wish that day of GOD,
to wipe some causeless blot ?
at bright surrounding choirs may see,
thee purge black envy's spot.

Bid tedious time make more dispatch,
and ply a swifter wing ;
at all the concave of the sky,
at thy approach may ring.

LXII. R E V E L. I. 7.

Ow spreads full fast th' illustrious morn
of an eternal day ;

When at the HIGHEST's sov'reign call,
I must resume my clay.

2 Alarming view ! lo time's dim eve,

is-brightning into noon,

Before the grand celestial hosts,

to judgment marching down.

3 On cloud of glory high enthron'd,

the JUDGE attracts each eye ;

Unthought of splendor beams around ;

all heav'n in's train I spy.

4 Encircling radiance crowns his brow,

strong for the seraph's sight,

As ay in waiting round the throne,

they ne'er saw rays so bright.

5 The veil from off his GODHEAD thrown,

his foes the GOD confess ;

Untemper'd rays now ceaseless shine :

how glorious is his dress !

6 The trump of GOD, from pole to pole,

pours forth the quickning sound ;

The grave reluctant yields her keys,

and sifts her captives round.

7 From 'neath its dark impending gloom,

far sunder'd ages wake ;

Innum'rous tribes all earth throughout,

their tedious slumbers break.

8 In solemn air the throngs are rang'd,

thro' wide spread tracts of sky ;

Angelick armies fill'd with awe,

all round on errands fly.

9 Each bosom anxious for its doom,

scarce hears the thunder's noise ;

The' from its center earth resounds,

the dread tremendous voice.

10 The just; serene, and fraught with hope,
look up with shining brow ;

While from afar the sons of shame,
wear a despairing hue.

11 Dissolving worlds all round them burn,
in one united blaze :

Ten thousand, thousand objects join,
to fill them with amaze.

12 Despair's dark lodge anon spues forth
its wild blaspheming crowd :

Unnumber'd legions drag their chains,
from 'midst the boiling flood.

13 From depths of that infernal lake,
these howling fiends attend ;

The bolts from off their prison gates,
are drawn till judgment end.

LXIII. THESS. I. 7, 8.

How dreadful are these loud alarms ;
full sore does nature moan ;
Now on her dying bed she lies,
and heaves th' expiring groan.

2 Time's rolling streams are now sunk low,
behold it smoothly glide,
Down to eternity's abyss,
that vast unebbing tide.

3 Th' archangel hovers on the wing,
till clock of time run out ;
Commission'd, when it strikes its last,
to give the awful shout.

4 Hark the last hour ! the sun's blown out,

his dazzling rays expire ;
 Quite o'er his face a mantle's spread,
 which vails his bright attire.

5 Yon silver orb sheds purple rays,
 and from the glowing sky,
 These countless starry hosts are dropt ;
 in one great mass they ly.

6 Above, ten thoufand thunders, roar,
 speak an approaching GOD ;
 Below, earth burfts her heaving womb,
 and trembles at his nod.

7 Dissolving nature 'midst her pangs,
 with stedfast ear attends
 The voice of the loud-sounding trump,
 which thro' all space extends.

8 Astonish'd mortals drop their clay,
 and pure immortals stand ;
 While starting from the grave's dark house,
 comes forth a countless band.

9 Soon as the groans of nature cease,
 the JUDGE erects his throne ;
 And to the dread impending doom,
 he calls with solemn tone.

10 High lustre beams around his head,
 all heav'n their KING surround ;
 Now on the high tribunal rais'd,
 his foes behold him crown'd.

11 He now the godlike work achieves,
 whole myriads now are cast :
 The fates of men are seal'd apace,
 and doom unchanging past.

12 Soon with a breath that lights up hell,
 the verdict sounds full high ;

Ye curs'd, to endless tort'ring flames,
“ from this blest presence fly.

Then thro' the shades of ten-fold night,
he hurls the godless band ;
and on their prison-gates, the bolts
are fixt by his command.

While 'midst applauding throngs, the just
with brightest gems are crown'd ;
in a flowing snow-hued robe,
each raptur'd saint is found.

Ye blest of GOD, ascend your thrones ;
thus wreath'd with glory stand :
ur stains are wash'd, your souls are sav'd ;
sit there on my right hand.

When clos'd the scene, what high delights
are sparkling in each eye !
While onward to the promis'd land,
in rapt'rous mood they fly.

LXIV. E C C L E S. XII. 14.

Before the JUDGE's awful brow,
time's darkest shades do clear ;
ves vail'd from scrutiny of men,
full in his view appear.

Black deeds of darkness spring to light,
from volumes of the sky ;
nes long beneath night's mantle vail'd,
now shew their crimson dye.

The mask of virtue now is rent
from the deceiver's brow ;
The innocence, by envy stain'd,
presents its snowy hue.

4 Now to the gaze of thronging worlds,
the heart's dark cells are shown :

Unnumber'd unsuspected ills
are in that instant known.

5 In every breast, the deep-grav'd lines
record each rising thought ;

Unvarying from the page on high,
with deeds in secret wrought.

6 How easy now to fix each doom
man try'd himself before :

Ten thousand times himself condemn'd ;
what can his JUDGE do more ?

7 No fiend dare tax the verdict past,
or to his word reply ;

Ev'n when unending woe's pronounced,
'Tis just, all hell must cry.

8 The injur'd orphan oft appeal'd,
to this long flumb'ring hour ;

Men tramp'l'd 'neath th' oppressor's heel,
for this, strong cries did pour.

9 Great wrongs the JUDGE this day will right
to all but GOD unknown :

Oft by his high tremendous name,
guilt was on others thrown.

10 Causes thro' every downward tract,
still undecided lie ;

The injur'd heav'd long to these heav'ns,
their unavailing cry.

LXV. 2 P E T. III. 14.

YE men, whose undetermin'd fate,
hangs on death's pointed spear,

In will the trumpet's quick'ning sound,
stunn your affrighted ear.

The JUDGE is must'ring yonder hosts ;
with splendor decks his train :
soon from heights of paradise,
you'll see him bend again.

At midnight when our world is hush'd,
and sons of riot wake ;
the throng in dazzling glories wrapt,
from parting clouds shall break.

The heav'n's astonish'd at the view,
that hour shall disappear :
the lamps of night down from its roof,
an angel quick shall tear.

Earth kindles in one flaming blaze,
and lowers the mountains pride,
while millions 'neath the melting rocks,
in vain attempt to hide.

Now heedful eye the JUDGE's brow,
while rais'd on mercy's throne ;
will prove too late to court his smile,
when days of hope are gone.

Low at his footstool nail thee down,
on humble suppliant knee ;
ill ireful frowns for past misdeeds,
disperst at once you see.

Haste ere the pendulum of time,
its swift vibrations stop ;
fore its aged mouldring hand,
the parting curtains drop.

If not from ireful purpose mov'd,
he stands in threat'ning mood ;
like may you hope in him to find,
when

when mounted on the cloud.

LXVI. ECCLES. IX. 10.

MAn, why on bed of slumber lull'd,
when time forgets to sleep ?
While on thy pillow softly hush'd,
see it close vigils keep.

2 O start, and ply the busy hand,
beneath that sun's bright light,
See how he speeds his rapid course,
and hastens on the night.

3 The page indulgent heav'n prescribes,
with deep attention read :
Spur onward in the course it marks,
with unremitting speed.

4 Creation round is all dispatch,
none else is slow but man :
All on high errands still intent,
fulfilling wisdom's plan.

5 The grave is ripening on apace ;
thy turf will soon be green :
Full soon by men 'twill be forgot,
where have thy footsteps been.

6 In that wide house, for man prepar'd,
for toil there is no room :
No dweller there, his labour ends
beneath its funless gloom.

7 The man that's wise, concludes his work,
before he go to bed :
His fingers spin his stinted tale,
'ere yet his hours are fled.

8 Throughout the well-frequented home,
no new device is found :

None from their pillows raise the head,
to view their realms around.

Death with his awful sickle cuts
heaps of unripen'd ears ;
first as they fall, the day of GOD,
with all their greeness rears.

For dying wrong, there's no amends ;
no after-trials made ;
here's no returning, when the worms
around the carcase spread.

LXVII. M A T T H. VI. 20.

D Eware of building 'neath the sun,
D where whirlwinds ceaseless blow ;
which from these boughs thy downy nest,
some hour, will surely throw.
Earth was not built for holding stores
to serve a deathless mind ;
which garner 'neath surrounding skies,
you seek in vain to find.

The sharp corroding teeth of time,
will bite thy comforts thro' ;
soon its scythe thy with'ring joys
will in an instant mow.

No bolts can keep the rust without,
or from its reach secure :
watch can guard against the moth,
or from its hurt insure.

The sneaking thief with cautious tread,
may thro' some lettuce creep,
strip thee bare of priz'd delights,
while claspt in arms of sleep.

- 6 A thousand risks still hovering round,
may cure thy thirst for gold,
For men all sublunary things,
by a frail tenure hold.
- 7 In yonder world above the stars,
rich treasures you may hide ;
Which when the stars shall shine no more,
untouched shall abide.
- 8 No pilfering hand is stretch'd above,
to snatch thy wealth away ;
Nor shall it, to superior force,
one day become a prey.
- 9 The blessed WATCHMAN of the skies,
ne'er slumbers on his post :
No dweller on these hills of bliss,
complains of treasures lost.
- 10 The purer air in yonder climes,
puts cank'ring rust to flight :
Of moths, the paradise on high,
ne'er yet beheld the sight.

LXVIII. C O L. III. 2.

Cling not so fast to time's frail reeds ;
let go your eager clasp :
Air-bubbles on the stream of time,
instead of bliss, you grasp.

2 While on life's stormy wave thou rides,
insure th' undying part ;
Above the skies, and to these climes,
thy ardent wishes dart.

3 Pluck up those fibres of the soul,
that root so fast below :

Tis impious in a heav'n-born mind,
so deep in earth to grow.

Around the tree of life, above,
let warm affections twine ;
Why should they, in this barren soil,
thro' lack of moisture, pine ?

Beware they do not cleave too fast
to shrubs beneath the sun ;
Twill cause a strong heart-rending pang,
e're with the branch they twin.

Death's rude unceremonious hand
thyself from hence will tear ;
ho' clasp'd like ivy to the wall,
his blow he will not spare..

Ye youthful plants, whose green desires
but just begin to spring ;
ake heed ; for soon these sprightly pow'rs
to thorns of life will cling.

Let age unravel too, each wish,
close warp'd these trifles round ;
nd when the fatal shaft arrives,
'twill pierce the slighter wound.

Then shall life's closing act be short,
when nought's to do but die :
now th' affections of the mind
are wafted up on high.

A future world's the proper soil
where powers immortal bloom ;
how unwise to starve them here,
beneath life's wintry gloom !

LXIX. P R O V. VIII. 4.

DEluded mortals, stop your pace,
who from a GOD do run ;
Who still his easy joyous paths,
with heedful steps do shun.

2 From him who gave and holds thy breath,
how impious thus to stray !
And when the HIGHEST deigns to plead,
how base to say him nay !

3 Haste, man, 'neath his parental wing,
th' unshelter'd head to hide ;
Then when thou sees dissolving worlds,
secure thou shalt abide.

4 His bosom where the feraph lies,
for thankless man still glows ;
What godlike pity yearning long,
that breast divine still knows !

5 Bent from his radiant throne he calls,
and must he sue in vain ?
Hell trembles at his distant frown,
nor dares his nod disdain.

6 He calls, who tunes the thunder's voice ;
whose breath with equal ease,
Can bid creation's pulse beat high,
or in an instant cease.

7 By softest breathings thro' thy soul,
he bids thy footsteps turn,
Who could within thy tortur'd breast,
make hell's black horrors burn.

8 'Midst fanning gales of love divine,
sounds in sweet accents flow.

Each mercy cries aloud, Return,
new boons his whispers blow.
Soon will he call in louder tone,
and speak thro' all the soul :
strong flashes of almighty i.e.,
all round his foes shall roll.

LXX. P R O V. XXIII. 26.

Why thus along the colour'd stream
of pleasure, thoughtless glide ?
ho' joyous on its wave thou swims,
'tis but a frothy tide.

To the unlesson'd spring of life,
strive upwards to ascend ;
o an expostulating GOD,
with patient ear attend.

Within thy heart's close-folding gates,
hing'd by his mighty hand ;
here he his royal tent to pitch,
has giv'n the high command.

Spread wide these everlasting doors ;
disband the lusts within :
by every pow'r be sweetly tun'd,
while passions cease their din.

Long at the threshold of thy soul,
for entrance he has su'd ;
gentle knocks oft touch'd its gate,
and heav'n-like calls renew'd.

His throne's with circling splendors wreath'd,
in his pavilion high ;
et for that homely lodge, thy heart,
how long he deigns to cry !

7 Low bending on thy suppliant knee,
this low apartment yield :

Let JESUS there with princely hand,
his royal scepter wield.

8 Conduct thy blest incarnate GOD
to this his lov'd abode :

Soon to fair mansions in the skies,
he'll pave thy joyous road.

9 E're long he'll bid the chrystral ports,
on golden hinges twine :

That with the hosts that dwell in light,
thou mayst in triumph join.

LXXI. M A T T . XI. 28.

Rebellious mortals, doom'd to woe,
who sink 'neath guilt's dire load ;
Remissions come express to earth,
from your relenting GOD.

2 Clear up, ye black despairing brows,
all clouded o'er with shame :

Th' indemnity's proclaim'd aloud,
in the ETERNAL NAME.

3 I, nature's undisputed HEIR,
my standard raise on high ;

And round a dark despairing world,
bid peaceful streamers fly.

4 All you whom restless guilt pursues,
and probes with direful sting ;

To ease your smart, a heav'nly balm,
behold I downward bring.

5 No more in midnight's sad'ning ear,
pour unavailing 'plaint,

To whisper gentle rousing hope,
my steps were thither bent.

6 Each bosom stuff with boding fears,
each breast with horrors prest :
Throng round heav'n's banners now unfurl'd,
and find eternal rest.

I'll pluck each rooted sorrow up,
from out the anxious mind ;
Each bold disturber of your peace,
in massy chains I'll bind.

Tho' countless ills, each deeply grav'd,
in crimson letters stand ;
And tho' upon your guilty brows,
you wear a traitor's brand :

One dash of my eternal pen,
thy dreadful score shall clear :
Those cheeks besmear'd with scarlet hue,
heav'n's brighter mark shall wear.

Believe, and bury all distrust,
shake off all former fears :
And let these mists of black despair,
give way to hopes and prayers.

LXXII. J E R. III. 22.

D Thou, who waves o'er hell, thy rod,
from me thy stroke suspend :
As the fiends, thou sore might lash ;
thy scourge 'tis just to bend.

But to that throne, with mercy pav'd,
my blushing brow I raise ;
No' stamp'd with characters of shame,
I hope for quick release.

To

- 3 Long have I wander'd from my GOD,
 along destruction's brink ;
With heedless footsteps stumbled on,
 where thousands hourly sink.
- 4 To clefts of an eternal rock,
 fain would I now aspire ;
And waft me thro' the yielding air,
 on wings of strong desire !
- 5 On point where hov'ring seraphs throng,
 just o'er their downy nest ;
High on these everlasting hills,
 I seek eternal rest.
- 6 Like ancient dove, long have I stray'd,
 o'er tracts of empty space ;
But now, in midst the heav'ly ark,
 I beg some humble place.
- 7 Methinks, all iresful frowns disperse,
 I see the face divine :
His blessed brow wreath'd round with love,
 does bright with mercy shine.
- 8 Parental yearnings warm his breast ;
 his arms I see him stretch :
Soft pity from his eye lids drop ;
 full pardons see him reach.
- 9 Behold he sits pavilion'd high,
 on mercy's fleecy cloud ;
Thence show'ring, all the earth around,
 the high enriching flood.

LXXII. L U K E X V. 18.

FATHER in heav'n, I own the wrong,
 against thy GODHEAD done,

Thro' strong parental ties I broke,
and spurn'd thy lofty throne.

How early in the downward path,
with eager steps I trod !
Regardless, tho' thy gracious hand
still points another road.

Woo'd by a kind indulgent GOD,
my bosom still was steel ;
To thy expostulations deaf,
tho' bent on human weal.

I dar'd thy GODHEAD to defy,
controul'd the HIGHEST's will ;
Overleapt the barrier of thy law,
and forward rush'd to ill.

'Gainst thee, 'gainst reason, and myself,
I hatch'd the impious thought ;
spite of thine almighty ire,
the deed of shame I wrought.

Soon wearied of parental care,
from thy restraints I broke ;
uncareful tho' my lawless rout,
thy justice did provoke.

Tho' sure the heart's dark bolted rooms
lie bare to thy bright view ;
yet barr'd not out the guilty thought,
tho' thy omniscience knew.

Twere just, from the records of life,
my worthless name to blot ;
or durst I murmur, tho' thy wrath
consume me on this spot.

To wear heav'n's fair distinguish'd badge,
may make my visage glow :
tho' the channel of each vein,

make thrilling coldness flow,
 10 Within thy houſe I bluſh to ask
 a lowly menial place ;
 And if thou rank me there the laſt,
 'twill prove unmatched grace.

LXXIV. LUKE XVIII. 13.

FATHER, allow that tender name,
 nor disregard my cries ;
 A wretch who stain'd the ſtyle of fan,
 now on thy threshold lies.

2 Is pity blotted from thy breast ?
 can heav'n forget to love ?
 When ſun grasps its worthless child,
 will it regardleſs prove ?

3 Durſt I this blushing forehead raise,
 some plea fain would I urge ;
 Till harness'd vengeance ſhould disarm,
 and drop its knotted scourge.

4 What tho' I'm crimson'd o'er with sins ;
 has heav'n no whitening dye ?
 The saints above, tho' dipt therein,
 did not the fountain dry.

5 Thy ſun ſill smiling, giſts his beams,
 and rays unmiſſ'd can dart :
 Sure thou who ſilſt that lamp of day,
 wilt freer rays impart.

6 Let not my guilt thy thunders rouse,
 or make thine anger flame :
 Nought but the razing out ſuch deeds,
 can spread sweet mercy's fame.

7 Let not compassion's warming rays

these upper skies forsake ;
or let the boundless sea of love,
of pity shew a lack.

Tho' I have lost my dutious frame,
and quench'd all filial love ;
let not my FATHER's bosom freeze,
or unparental prove.

The more I'm plung'd in hellish guilt,
thy grace shall shine the more ;
and men, while endless ages roll,
with louder notes adore.

LXXV. PSALM XXV. 11.

Left GOD ! thou art supremely good,
tho' wretched I be ill :
the trophies of thy matchless grace,
heav'n's boundless regions fill.

My guilt now wears affrighting look,
my crimes I dread to view ;
let mercy's brow its face confront,
and change their ugly hue.

Why should thine arm omnipotent,
be rais'd against a worm ?
Why round a puny mortal's head,
dost thou raise up such storm ?

Tho' 'neath thy stroke I still should pine,
'twill prove no joyous sight,
when thy all-piteous eye looks down
from heav'n's unmeasur'd height.

My howlings from hell's darksome den,
nought to thy throne will bring ;
spar'd and bless'd in upper world,

thy praise I'll ceaseless sing.

6 'Twere more than just, to forge my chains,
and fix me deep in woe ;

But how should mercy dart its rays,
or godlike yearnings show !

7 Must this thy bright eternal name,
alone still childless prove ?

When other attributes divine,
their offspring see above.

8 Thy foes beneath, will loud blaspheme,
and triumph at the sight ;

If with an unrelenting hand,
thou plunge me deep in night.

9 Enroll me in the page of life,
and paradise will shout ;

Loud acclamations soon will spread,
the land of light throughout.

10 Some finish'd mansion nigh the throne,
as yet may vacant stand ;

Deign, LORD, to add me to the list,
of yon adoring band.

LXXVI. From the same Subject.

I Ow 'neath thy highly injur'd throne,
permit a wretch to ly !

O ! may the gracious heav'ns drink up,
my penitential cry.

2 **LORD** break that dread entail of woe,
past in thy court above ;

Te pardon is the highest act,
done by the GOD of love.

3 **Unbend, Most HIGH,** thy awful brow,

nor once thine arm make bare;
yself from thy unpleasing work,
O condescend to spare.

To wreak just vengeance on the head,
is but thy strange employ ;
unregreting can thine arm,
thy own hand work destroy.

I would counteract thy scheme of love,
to marr my guilty frame ;
is't not to taste the cup of blis,
that heav'n did rear the same ?

Thy threats the flagrant rebel chace,
till on the knee he yield ;
sure thy royal word protects,
him that gives up the field.

Thou art possess'd of matchless skill,
this marred soul canst mend :
let not then thine ireful stroke,
this worthless vessel rend.

Forgive, and win this stubborn heart,
for ever to thy throne :
bindings hold like grateful ties,
that fix the heart of stone.

To smile on me, 'tis true, might stain
thy bright eternal crown ;
am I not as far beneath,
the HIGHEST's angry frown

Thy grandeur infinite which stamps
my guilt of deeper die ;
bids me hope ; for at a worm,
shall e'er thine arrows lie ?

LXXVII. I S A. LXV. 24

TO 'plaints that rise from yonder earth,
I'll lend a patient ear;
Yea, 'ere they breathe their **wishes** forth,
indulgent heav'n will hear.

2 Soon as the **prayer** unborn appears,
conceived in the mind;

From thy wide hand a meet supply,
the young desire shall find.

3 Each pious thought, like precious gems,
while on the rock they feed;

I'll from adhering dross refine,
and to each one take heed.

4 E're men can knock at **mercy's gate**,
I'll spread full wide these doors:

Their wants, yet green, I'll largely fill,
from **mercy's** opening stores.

5 While oft the trembling soul demurs,
to lisp its faint desire;

With full assurance to succeed,
the mind I'll oft inspire.

6 When suits unfinish'd on the tongue,
in deep distrust do lie;
I'll listen to that broken sound,
and spell the feeble cry.

7 Blush ye, who dread to be repuls'd,
when at his shrine you bend;

And often cry in joyless mood,
heav'n will no answer send.

8 Behold thy **God** all gracious stoop,
from yonder lofty throne;

To listen while the mind depress'd
sighs out a fainting groan.

Let warmest breathings of desire,
still upward dart their flame ;
Or think their breath is lost in air,
who speak JEHOVAH's name.

Let not surrounding hoary frosts,
thy cold petitions chill ;
Nor group of sublunary cares,
these sacred moments fill.

LXXVIII. P.S.A.L. XXIV. sq 4.

Hou teeming SOURCE of spreading bliss,
fain would my bosom vent
's mournful tale, low at thy feet,
and there pour forth its, plaint.

My breast beats high with strong remorse :
I blush with conscious shame :

I falt'ring tongue dreads to pronounce
thy blest eternal NAME.

With blackest deeds I'm clad all o'er ;
beneath their weight I bend :

To throw their pond'reous load aside,
what fruitless toil I spend ?

I strive to purge the crimson hue,
yet still the spots remain :

fountains round I lightly bathe,
yet still behold the stain.

The scorching heat that boils within,
full oft I try to cool ;

Yet still thro' all the feverish mood,
guilt's bubblings ceaseless roll.

6 To ease its smart, each healing leaf,
with painful hands I wring ;
Yet still the ailment rages on,
and sore I feel its sting.

7 When all these human efforts fail,
I look to yonder skies ;
Then oft there dawns a beam of hope,
that heaven will hear my cries.

8 Methought I heard a chearing voice,
in heav'nly whispers sound ;
That streams to white the blackest stains,
in paradise were found.

9 May mercy guide my wandring eyes,
this blissful font to spy ;
That in its current I may dip,
and healing virtues try.

LXXIX. J O H N . I . 17.

TAKE wing, ye dark despairing clouds,
nor more my soul infest ;
Beneath a sky serene and bright,
my mind shall calmly rest.

2 Now, now, guilt's long unhealing wounds,
begin full fast to close ;
My heart reviv'd beats high with hope,
forgetting bygone woes.

3 Down from the paradise on high,
the heav'nly balm distills ;
It's blest drops my deep-gash'd mind,
with ease and health now fills.

4 My deeds which loud for vengeance roar'd,
in darksome vale now sleep ;

No voice shall hence their slumbers break,
or raise them from that deep.

Heaven slack's its thunder, and now ceas'd
the lightnings awful glare;

No more shall black remonstrant guilt,
full in my visage stare.

What tho' by heaven's high-flaming law
I once was doom'd to bleed?

Hang on the tree, dear Jesus hung;
for me he bow'd his head.

Black terrors all around him flew,
he drank unmingle'd ire;

Twa: then his blessed soul did melt
before the blazing fire.

By all these dread unheard-of pangs,
my ransom's fully paid;

The HIGHEST's once uplifted hand,
is now compleatly laid.

Sweet heavenly peace henceforth still lodge,
in my once anxious soul;
it joys unheard, thro' every power,
in gentle murmur's roll.

LXXX. P S A L. C H. r2.

E gone, ye grim ill-boding fears,
nor more disturb my mind;
ence all the fogs of doubt and dread
I spread before the wind.

My GOD with his eternal pen
has dash'd my treasons out;
and from my late despairing mind
dispell'd each rising doubt.

- 3 My crimes he from my shoulders snatch'd,
and plung'd them deep in night ;
Nor shall they from their darksome grave,
spring up again to light.
- 4 The sun, that paths his way from east,
and travels on to west ;
Ne'er journeyed yet so far abroad,
as where these ills now rest.
- 5 He pour'd them in the distant sea,
ten thousand fathoms deep ;
There from the keenest glance of man,
they unawaking sleep.
- 6 Envious fiends long us'd to dive,
in fulph'rous waves below,
May range thro' all the surging brine,
before their place they know.
- 7 Like as the low-hung wand'ring clouds,
from fanning breezes flee,
And then the blue æthereal space,
all azure dyed we see :
- 8 So did these overwhelming mists,
that instant disappear ;
When of a kind relenting GOD,
these sounds they once did hear.
- 9 May hallelujahs constant rise,
to the dear wondrous MAN,
Who bonded for my scarlet guilt,
long long 'ere time began.
- 10 O ! may my ev'ry power to HIM,
unwearied tribute bring ;
And while my date of being lastes,
I'll warmest praises sing.

LXXXI. ISAIAH XXXII. 2.

When tempests rave their dreadful ire,
and lay the forests pride,
Beneath the covert of a MAN,
untrembling I shall hide.

When black'ning clouds are muster'd up,
to pour their torrents round ;
I'll lie beneath his spreading wing,
and fearless hear the sound.

The winds may from their prison steal,
and throw the reins aside ;
Safe in the shadow of his hand,
no harm can me betide.

Lock'd in his everlasting arms,
let storm with storm combine ;
I'll smile while still the blessed MAN,
shall thus my soul entwine.

There thunders of omnipotence,
my guilty head will spare ;
Nor will the hand of vengeance strike,
altho' its arm were bare.

When justice aim'd the fatal blow,
and brandish'd high its spear ;
To clefts of this eternal Rock,
I on swift wing drew near.

Now hous'd from all surrounding ills,
I from my shelter view
The arrows of Omnipotence,
o'er take the thoughtless crew.

No distant blast can bare that roof,
'neath which I joyous lie :

Nor shall the mouldring hand of time,
once here its crumplings try.

9 Ye sons of slumber look above,
behold the low-hung clouds

Just bursting with tremendous sound,
and raining wrathful floods.

10 Before the tempest sweep you down,
attempt this mighty hold,

Dread no repulse; this wondrous MAN,
bids now the doors unfold.

LXXXII. H A B B A K. III. 17.

What tho' perpetual winter spread,
its 'rozen horrors round ?
And in its icy chains lock fast,
the teeming fruitful ground ?

2 What tho' the fig forget to bud,
and fragrant blossoms blow :
And too the spreading tendril vine,
her generous juice forego ?

3 Altho' the olive's fatt'ning stream
should hence no more distil ;
Tho' ripen'd ears the reaper's hand
should at no season fill :

4 Life's upper uncreated SPRING
runs in no season dry :

When comfort's nether streams shall fade,
it still boils up on high.

5 What tho' the empty stall no more
the lowing herd should hold ?

Tho' sportive lambs no more be seen
to frisk around the fold ?

Yet in the RULER of the skies,
my heart shall still confide :
o'er the top of all these ills,
I, undismay'd shall ride.

Why should pale dread thus chill my breast ?
within should horrors brood ?
Then on his arm I thus recline,
whose name, whose nature's good ?

The sun, some morn, may fail to rise,
and in his chamber sleep :
midst his slumbers, still my head
in safety he will keep.

When all these luminaries high,
expire in endless night ;
en 'neath his bright meridian ray,
I'll dwell in heav'nly light.

Thus blest the man who can his hope
upon a GOD repose ;
drunks, when of all good below,
the scanty fountains close.

LXXXIII. M A T T H. VI 28.

Why should man's breast ay anxious swell,
with cares far distant prest ?
Why like the angry wave still toss,
and oft forget to rest ?

Why dread beneath a STEWARD so wise,
who keeps unemptying stores ;
to unreckon'd worlds on high,
unfolds their spacious doors.

Is house, who owes this nether world,
ne'er yet did scrimpness know :

O'er

THRO HYMNS.

O'er spacious boards that bounteous Host,
his fulness does bellow.

4 Each class thro every element,
of varying messes taste ;
From loftiest seraph, to the worm,
he serves up daily feast.

5 He spreads his mantle o'er the sky,
by him the hills are clad ;
With vestments of the night he hung
the seas capacious bed.

6 Of heav'n's high KING ten thousand worlds,
the deep-dy'd liv'ries wear ;
Yet for a puny mortal's garb,
distrustful man has fear.

7 See how the lillies snowy top,
upbraids his causless cares ;
Which stands unanxious glossy hued,
and richest vesture wears.

8 The raven croaking on the bough,
reproves man's tim'rous mood
Who joyful chant their hoarser notes,
nor see next morning's food.

9 Let reason blush, if hence arise
the mists of doubt around :
O let no dawning of distrust,
o'er all my soul be found.

LXXXIV. L U K E XII. 7.

I Nfinite wisdom holds the reins
of nature's wide domain ;
And 'neath his wide extended sway,
creation will remain.

H Y M N S. III

His eye each grassy pile surveys,
each in its vesture's dress
dy'd of light or deeper green,
as suit their stations best.

The lillies in fair liv'ries rob'd,
the Tyrian dye exceed ;
their leaves are spun by hand divine,
of toil they know no need.

The sparrows chirping 'midst the boughs,
attract his watchful eye ;
he ps their fanning wings to spread,
while thro' his air they fly.

Then fear not man the deathless part,
when heav'n its worth shall try ;
the sparrows o'er a thousand fields,
thy reason will outweigh.

And will the RULER still all-wise,
forget frail reason's wants,
to unliving speechless herbs,
immense profusion grants.

Do all these low unreaf'ning tribes,
on heav'n still fix the eye ?
Shall distrustful man alone,
its gracious care deny ?

To man his kind regards extend,
heav'n well for him provides :
While it conducts o'er waves of time,
man's bark in safety rides.

What tho' thick mists should cloud thy path,
a while each comfort hide ?
Is the time to know the man
that can in God confide.

When time's delights shall slowly melt,

or

or in an instant thaw ;
How impious to allow distress
thy torur'd mind to gnaw !

LXXXV. I S A. XLIX. 15.

THe warm compassions of a GOD,
in drought know no decay :
The blessed immaterial SUN,
sheds still th' enrap'tring ray.

- 2 His heat ay reaches far abroad,
beyond the bounds of thought :
Ten thousand suns meridian warmth
compar'd to it, seems nought.
- 3 Collect each beam that warms the breast
of the celestial crowd,
With strong affections flaming high,
in human hearts that brood.
- 4 From th' uncreated source of love,
these make one feeble ray :
What warmth must then be in this spring
of everlasting day ?
- 5 In his parental bosom hid,
the saints all ravish'd lie :
How fondly clasp'd in his embrace,
by love's unloosing tie ?
- 6 No day shall cool the glowing flame,
or blot them from his heart :
Of pangs they knew while hous'd in clay,
he felt the painful smart.
- 7 Will she that on her suckling smiles,
her warming bosom steele ?
Forget to hush her tender babe,
or disregard his weal ?

Yes, oft maternal heat will freeze ;
these yearnings too will die :
And infants wean'd in natal hour,
oft heave th' unpityed cry.

But here, no cloud can intercept
his smiles, as they descend :
No hand from mercy's dandling knee,
one child of heav'n shall rend.

Think while thou feel'st affections tide
glide strongly thro' thy soul ;
What oceans of unmeasur'd love
in breast divine must roll.

LXXXVI. C H R O N. XXI, 13.

When from the folds of life I stray,
and in the desert roam ;
O ! thou who tends angelick flocks,
that hour recal me home.

If at the silken cords of love,
my stubborn neck shall spurn ;
Or at thy kind restraints repine,
reluctant to return.

Then deign to plait thy knotty scourge ;
lay on thy smarting rod :
But let it be full fast retain'd
in hand of chaff'ning God.

Bid not a mortal count my stripes,
he'll give th' appointed tale ;
And with a stern resentful brow,
will strokes unpitying deal.

Should the envious poison'd tongue
but once its venom dart ;

What healing hand can pour the balm,
to ease its throbbing smart ?

6 But when constrain'd to lift thy hand,
compassion guides the stroke ;
Oft 'ere thy thunders burst the cloud,
the ireful bolts are broke.

7 If one hand smite, the other still
is for man's support lent ;
Yea, oft thou summons back the rod,
still ready to relent.

8 To strike, is aye thy strangest work ;
how loth, thy lash to try !
Thou longs to see the child return,
and hastes to throw it by.

9 If Gabriel's bidden whet his spear,
to pierce with deadly wound ;
Ithuriel soon shall tread his heel,
and milder orders sound.

LXXXVII. J O B I. 21.

From hand of an all-bounteous GOD,
life's lambent flame was lent ;
And all its supports from his stores,
each passing hour are sent.

2 Not mine these healthful balmy gales,
that thro' my nostrils blow,
Which cause the circling tide of life
thro' all its channels flow.

3 Should heav'n becalm the gentle breath,
that swells life's spreading sail ;
Command my pulse to beat its last,
and vital warmth to fail :

'Tis GOD recalls his rightful own,
and re-demands his breath :

Fetch again that precious loan,
he sends his herald, death,

That cup, for mortals mixed up,
is oft with bitters fraught ;
It heav'n with sundry sweetning drops,
oft blends th' unpleasing draught.

Tho' these withheld, shall peevish man
be shy these streams to sip ?
Vent uncreature-like complaints,
when bitters touch his lip ?

Yes ; oft he sets the face awry,
when ought the palate grates ;
A pleasing morsel swallows down,
but harsher drops he hates.

But shall we reach a cheerful hand,
to meet heav'n's welcome boon ?
In a fullen mood repine,
when crosses are sent down ?

No ; blessed be the spring of good,
when he his gifts bestows ;
Then thro' wide channels cut by love,
all round his blessing flows.

Let, too, most grateful praise be his,
when comforts take their wings ;
While to me each rising sun
successive crosses brings.

LXXXVIII. J O B X I V. 10.

Vhen spent with toil of mortal days,
man to his rest is laid ;

And on the icy arm of death,
his sinking head is staid :

2 He shuts at once his swimming eyes,
and low he makes his bed ;

Where soon upon his pale hued coarse,
the loathsome reptile's fed.

3 No more the drowsy lids of fight,
aside their windows throw ;

Long 'ere they clos'd, oft were they tir'd
of airy scenes below.

4 Quite undisturb'd he flumbers on,
beneath the passing heel ;

Makes no complaint while bustling throngs
regardless o'er him reel.

5 Nor shall he wake, 'till o'er his head
the frightened heav'ns are fled ;

'Till in bright pomp down thro' the sky,
ethereal choirs are led.

6 Rous'd up at laft, he views the scene,
all wrapt in deep surprize ;

Stunn'd while dissolving nature groans,
and on its death-bed lies.

7 Now time has mov'd its counted rounds,
and all its motions cease ;

Earth smokes around ; but on its plains
man finds no more a place.

8 Be wise, O men; 'ere day decline,
before night spread her wings ;

The trappings of this mortal life,
are fair, but guileful things.

9 Provide far firmer hold than earth,
build not below the sun :

restless, 'till beneath the shade
of life's fair tree you win.

Raze down, in time, the vain support,
that on a world depends :
will tumble soon about your ears,
when time's frail curtain rends.

LXXXIX. J O B X. 21.

Soon must my hamper'd soul take flight,
in quest of happier clime ;
his tent of flesh must soon be struck
at heaven's prefixed time.

To crowded regions, time beyond,
my sp'rit must turn aside :
th thro' the land of darkness roam,
and 'mid death's shadows hide.

There, whence no messenger returns
to tell his moving tale ;
hence no pale ghost with haggard mien,
comes secrets to reveal.

What hand shall rend the sable vail,
that parts these worlds in twain ?
who shall guide thro' the dark tract
that leads to life again ?

The guards that watch the gloomy pass,
prevent the least escape ;
soul spreads forth its fanning wing,
these battlements to leap.

Haste then, my soul, make quick dispatch,
while on this side of death ;
will prove too late to mend defects,
when stopp'd the fleeting breath.

7 Fraught well, before your spreading sails
are stretched to the wind ;

That when from life's scrimp port you launch,
you may leave nought behind.

8 Help, Lord, to put true faith on board,
and then my anchor weigh :

Within this creek of mortal life,
why should my vessel lie ?

9 Then let thy hand direct the helm,
lest swelling surges rise :

I trust thy skill, and to thy care
commit th' unvalued prize.

10 In joyous hour I'll safely hail
IMMANUEL's blissful shore ;

And sweetly sing of dangers past,
while distant billows roar.

XC. J O B VII. 16.

How stormy is the course between
man's cradle and his grave !
Full oft his drooping head nigh sinks
beneath the foaming wave.

2 Man, with his breath, inherits woe ;
how soon he learns to weep !
Nor are his tears completely dry'd,
'till hush'd to his last sleep.

3 Who drinks the cup of mortal life,
must taste large draughts of woe :
And for each joy he finds on earth,
must griefs alternate know.

4 O thou that pour'd my being's stream,
in vessel made of clay ;

brighter vial turn it o'er,
and throw its dreg away.

In this low land of shadows tir'd,
I long to be above ;
here I may real substance grasp,
nor after shadows rove.

Why might not now the key be turn'd,
to set the pris'ner free ?
the to be in exile thus,
nor once my home to see.

From fights long-view'd I turn aside ;
what's life below the sun ?
how I long my course to close,
and this vain race to run.

O ! that th' encrusting shell would burst ;
quick would I spread my wing ;
d to his arms that gave me breath,
with leap triumphant spring.

Dull scene, to feel strong filial warmth,
yet never see my sire ;
o' in his blest embrace to fold,
my heart beats with desire.

XCI. J O B XIV. 14.

Why thus impatient to be gone ?
such wishes breathe no more ;
him that lock'd my spirit in,
when meet, unbolt the door.

That GOD who set me here a plant,
knows when 'tis best to move
m this unsunny frozen vale,
to warmer climes above.

- 3 Why thus so restless in the shell,
before thy feathers rise :
How couldst thou sister-spirits join,
while soaring thro' the skies ?
- 4 Why mint to snatch the branching palm,
before the vict'r'y's won ?
Or call the triumph to begin,
before the battle's done ?
- 5 What racer asks the laurel wreath,
to grace his cheerful brow,
Before he reach the wish'd-for goal,
and meted course run through ?
- 6 Who hastes to mow the milky grain,
half-form'd in infant ear ?
Or who, the hollow grainless husks
will to his garners bear ?
- 7 Judge not the ranks on high so thinn'd,
heav'n's royal standard round ;
As that from thence unripen'd saints
must in their room be found.
- 8 Inglorious wish, to haste away,
when heav'n has work undone :
To serve GOD here, will please no less
than praising round his throne.
- 9 While standing in earth's nether field,
still may'st thou riper grow :
And in due time, thy raptur'd heart
with stronger joys o'erflow.

XCH. J O B XXVI. 6.

From GOD's all-penetrating eye,
what hand shall frame a screen ?

ence hell before it still lies bare,
and ruin's naked seen.

Far o'er yon void he stretch'd the north,
so as it cannot fall :
is mighty hand, on nothing pois'd
this rolling earthly ball.

Within the bosom of his cloud,
the upper floods are pent ;
or are these cisterns of the sky
by all these waters rent.

The face of his resplendent throne,
he often turns aside ;
nd draws the mantling clouds around,
its dazzling rays to hide.

He strongly hemm'd the waters in,
with the encircling shore
ear'd high around ; 'till day and night
shall shew their face no more.

Heav'n's pillars on their mighty base,
oft tremble at his look ;
With deep astonishment they shake,
at sound of his rebuke.

By matchless pow'r he parts the sea,
her angry wave divides ;
nd o'er the stiffnèd neck of pride,
he oft in triumph rides.

His spirit garnish'd out the sky,
and skirts the cloud with gold :
His hand the crooked serpent form'd,
and taught each joint to fold.

These are but samples of his ways,
the hiding of his might :

How small a portion of his works,
appear to mortal sight !

XCIII. J O B XXXVIII. 1.

From 'mid the whirlwinds rapid course,
attend the awful sound ;
The HIGHEST seated on his throne,
breathes out his voice around.

- 2 Who's he that counsel vails with words ;
wraps wisdom in a cloud ?
Man, gird thy loins, and make reply,
thy GOD will question loud.
- 3 When earth's foundations first were laid,
didst thou the building spy ?
And if thou knowst, say on what rock
its corners stones do lie ?
- 4 What hand the mighty compass set,
to square each empire out ?
Who on its surface stretch'd the line,
and mete this orb about ?
- 5 When stars of morn the chorus rais'd,
and in loud song combin'd ;
The sons of GOD did shout aloud,
and in the concert join'd.
- 6 Who prisoned up the haughty wave,
within its massy door,
When bursting from earth's heaving womb,
it raised the dreadful roar ?
- 7 When o'er the rising naked surge,
I spread the fleecy cloud ;
And in nights mantle threefold dy'd,
I swath'd the infant flood.

When first surrounding plains I scoop'd,
a basin for the deep ;
I on its high hung gates fix'd bars,
the briny foam to keep.

When first its boundary was lin'd,
I gave the sea command
hold within the marks prescrib'd,
and at my limits stand.

Thy liquid mountains swelling high,
shall sink their lofty pride ;
shall they o'er the bounding shores,
at all unbidden ride.

CIV. *On the same : continued from verse 12.*

[As early morn thy voice obey'd,
since first thou saw the dawn ?
thou the day-spring to its place,
when from light's store-house drawn ?

East thou survey'd the ocean's springs,
or found its gushing source ?
If thou pursue its restless tide
thro' its long winding course ?

Were e'er the darksome gates of death,
unfolded to thy view ?
Then did its shadows parting wide,
its inmost horrors shew.

ay, on what hand does light reside,
or morning pitch its tent ?
In what distant bolted goal,
is midnight-darkness pent ?

Bid thou these shades to keep their bounds,
nor on bright day encroach ?

Find out the place where still it dwells,
and to its house approach ?

6 When didst thou see th' unbolted North,
or view the treasur'd snow ?

Or were these magazines spread wide,
whence forged hail does blow ?

7 That grand artillery of the sky,
cast for the troubl'ous hour ;

When torrents of descending wrath,
on frighted nations pour.

8 Hast thou perceiv'd light's parting rays,
spread o'er the blushing sky ;

Which on the wings of east-wind born,
o'er earth perpetual fly ?

9 Who channell'd out the river's bed,
or hollow'd ev'ry plain,

In which the flowing floods may swim,
when heav'n pours down its rain.

10 Who locks the thunders in their chains,
and all their ire restraints ?

Or leads the lightning's horrid glare,
when glancing o'er the plains ?

XCV. *On the same, continued from verse 26.*

Who sows the rain in distant climes,
by human paths untrod ?

Mid' vales untenanted by man,
the tygers 'lone abode ?

2 To give the thirsty ridges drink,
and slake each grassy pile ?

By which the infant herbage buds,
from out the parched soil ?

3 Say, if the rain its parent knows,
or of what mother born ?

Tell, who begat the pearly drops,
that dew the rising morn ?

4 Whose womb conceiv'd the icy flakes,
that seal the candy'd brook ?

Who paints surrounding objects o'er,
with their gray hoary look ?

5 Who hides the wond'rous watry mass,
as 'neath the solid stone ?

Or smooths all o'er the noisy deep,
within the frozen zone ?

6 Canst thou the *Pleiades* restrain,
or their sweet influence bind ?

Say, could thy hands bright *Orion* loose,
tho' thou its bands couldst find ?

7 Canst thou *Mazzaroth* summon forth,
or guide his nightly tour ?

Or bid *Arcturus* with his train,
start at his wonted hour ?

8 Or, wilt thou raise thy voice aloft,
and charge the floating clouds,

Their watry bosoms to untold,
and sprinkle down their floods ?

9 Cast thou direct the light'nings glance,
or teach them where to glow ?

10 Say will they stop at thy command,
or at thy bidding go ?

11 Who planted wisdom in the mind,
and stor'd the inward part ?

12 Who breath'd instruction through the soul,
and taught the human heart ?

XCVI. J O B XXXVIII. 37,

Say, canst thou count the scatter'd clouds
that veil the face of day?

Or bottles wand'ring o'er the sky,
at thy first signal stay ?

2 Not when the servid rays of noon
have bak'd the trAMPL'd dust ;
Or when the valley clods appear,
as one continued crust ?

3 Or, wilt thou thro' the forrest range,
and hunt the lion's prey ?
Or still the cravings of their young,
while for their food they bray ?

4 While 'mid the dreary den they couch,
and mong the thickets hide ?
When all intent on guileful deeds,
in covert they abide ?

5 Say, at whose cost the ravens feed ;
whose store yields them supply ?
While their unfeather'd helpless young,
to GOD all piteous cry ?

6 When wandering thro' far desart climes,
and croaking loud their wants ?
Who hears their hoarse resounding notes,
and meals unthought of grants ?

7 Who to these queries makes reply,
or dares these subjects scan ;
These lay aspiring reason low,
and check the pride of man.

8 Strike sail, ye creatures of a day,
who mint, with scanty line,

To fathom heav'n's mysterious ways,
and on its schemes refine.

9 May reason's beaming SOURCE on high,
each human breast inspire
With ardent aims to know himself,
and from all else retire !

10 In some bright mirror heaven display
our reason's dwarfish size ;
That nought too lofty we may grasp,
until it taller rise.

XCVII. J O B VII. I.

Time marches with unslacken'd pace,
nor stops when man stands still ;
To stay one moment on the wing
surpasses human skill.

Man's mortal days ne'er make a pause,
the years unling'ring fly ;
Till lost in the profound abyss
of an eternity.

My noon of life is past and gone ;
my sun's declining fast :
On verge of night he'll hover soon,
when all my hours are past.

The everlasting ev'ning's shade
will soon my eye-lids vail :
The hoary-headed grisly king
will soon this frame assaile.

But Oh ! how sad to quit the stage,
and yield my fleeting breath,
Uncertain where the sp'rit may light,
when claspt in arms of death.

6 'Tis joyless thought, home to dislodge,
nor know where next to dwell ;
Whether in vales of paradise,
or an eternal hell.

7 Strange thought ! to launch from this calm shore
thro' floods these worlds between ;
At once to quit man's dear embrace,
and mix with spirits unseen.

8 But why thus droop ? far brighter climes
lie on death's farther shore ;
To mansions 'mid the fields of light,
the just in triumph soar.

XCVIII. J O B XXIII. 3.

YE dwellers on the coasts of bliss,
my wand'ring footsteps guide
To Zion's everlasting hill,
if there my God abide.

2 O ! could I view one lively trace
of where his tent has stood ;
My present gloom would clear apace,
and bring a joyous mood.

3 Could I descry the joyous spot
where his pavilion stands ;
And hear the hallelujahs rise
from her angelick bands.

4 Full oft I tread a backward pace,
and hope his seat to gain ;
Yet with a down-cast brow return,
and find my labour vain.

5 Ye winds that waft the HIGHEST's throne
thro' boundless tracts of space ;

ay, where its pillars now are staid ?
where show's his wonted grace ?

Ye radiant guards that wheel around,
your circling ranks spread wide ;
want an audience of your PRINCE,
and you withdrawn aside.

I long to spread my dawning thoughts
full in his piercing eye ;
but care not that your purer ranks
these rising buds should spy.

No human ear my 'plaint shall hear,
none but my GOD shall know ;
What bubblings from the heart's dark spring,
each moment ceaseless flow ?

That hour I'll muster various pleas,
and at his footstool lie ;
Till he that hears the suits of men,
shall listen to my cry.

XCIX. P S A L M . X I I I . 3.

Ach moment plys its nimble wings,
'till out of sight it fly ;
The wheel of time still whirling round,
my closing hour brings nigh.

Some busy hand, perhaps, this hour,
is weaving fast my shroud ;
soon hoary winter will draw on,
and freeze life's vital flood.

O ! thou who counts my tale of days,
aid me my course to run,
fore my dusky eve shut in,
c're life's last thread is spun.

- 4 Let not my sun declining set,
and plunge me deep in night ;
'Till o'er this dim and sightless mind,
thou shed a heav'nly light.
- 5 Rouse from the dull lethargic dream ;
my filmy eye-lids wipe :
Before death's cold benumbing draught,
compose to tedious sleep.
- 6 Thy finger points the moment out,
in broad records above ;
When from the sight and ways of men,
my flitting soul must move.
- 7 Few clocks, for ought I know, may strike,
before my funeral knell ;
Which by its doleful sounding tongue,
will of my burial tell.
- 8 When thy grim herald shews his brow,
may I triumphant stand,
With life's last big important act,
just finish'd in my hand.
- 9 Should I, before my lamp be trimm'd,
be threat'ned by this foe ;
Stay thou his rude uplifted arm,
and save me from his blow.
- 10 But when heav'n's fixed stage is run,
unchain his bloody hand ;
And bid him softly o'er these eyes
stretch forth his leaden wand.

C. P S A L. XXII. 9.

YE choirs that tune the higher house,
a grateful song high raise,

To

To HIM that feeds my wasting breath,
I'll chant with you his praise.

2 He moulded first th' unformed mass,
low in my early tomb ;
And led my pulse its wanted rounds,
in the dark pris'ning womb.

3 In hollow'd lamp at life's dim dawn,
he pour'd life's golden stream ;
To light its unexpiring flame,
he darts a heavenly beam.

4 Soon as my natal morn arose,
he burst my prison door ;
And bade my opening eye-lids drink,
bright rays unseen before.

5 On mercy's knee, long was I hush'd,
while 'mid soft slumbers lost :
Thine arm my helpless head sustain'd,
with anxious tears unsoft.

6 Thine eye unslumb'ring prov'd a guard
round my infantile bed ;
Ten thousand dangers hov'ring round,
at thy command still fled.

7 'Ere reason shed its orient beams,
or caught my wants to know ;
Thou from thy stores bade rich supplies
thro' plenteous channels flow.

8 Soon as th' impetuous tide of youth
began to force its way ;
Thou oft th' unbridled foaming stream,
by kind restraints didst stay.

9 When on to ruin's crumbling edge,
I did regardless run ;

Then by thy smarting blessed rod,
thou taught the risk to shun.

10 I hymn th' eternal name for these
and countless blessings more :

O ! may my ev'ry pow'r combine,
thy bounty to adore.

C. P S A L M XXIII. 1, 2, 3.

Beneath a broad unclosing eye,
thro' verdant meads I stray ;
At dusky eve am undismaid,
when heav'n conducts the way.

2 Directed by his past'ral staff,
I crop the spreading flow'rs,
Near where the silent winding brook
its crystal current pours.

3 When day peeps forth, his flocks unfold,
by morn's sweet fragrance led ;
They o'er the royal pastures move,
and nip the new-born blade.

4 If fervid noon shoot down its ray,
and makes the flocks to pant ;
IMMANUEL leads to neet retreat,
where cooling breezes haunt.

5 What tho' I tread the darksome vale,
where death's cold waters run ?
Led by his hand, I'll ford these streams,
and ev'ry peril shun.

6 When winter blasts the meadow's pride,
and sweeps the flow'ry plain ;
He'll point me to some warmer clime,
safe from descending rain.

House me, before these blasts arrive ;
 I trust thy sov'reign skill,
 guide to folds of paradise,
 from all surrounding ill.

No wolves o'erleap their crystal fence,
 still in the shepherd's eye ;
 need these lambs from hounding foes
 with hasty pace to fly.

O'er sunny everlasting hills,
 with streams of joy between,
 range in yonder world above,
 thro' pastures ever green.

CII. P S A L M XXXI. 5.

Thou, at whose supreme command,
 my pulse began to beat ;
 thin thine everlasting arms,
 I seek my last retreat.

Ere long, the solemn tongue of death
 from dream of life will wake ;
 his brittle case that holds my sp'rit,
 his iron hand will break.

Soon as it bursts, be thou at hand ;
 nor let the jewel drop :
 thee I yield that precious trust,
 my everlasting hope.

The bloody fingers of grim death,
 will rifle soon my heart ;
 d partners elasp'd in long embrace,
 at once in funder part.

Warm to thine arms, my widow'd soul
 that moment, LORD, recal :

Amidst

Amidst the range of grinning fiends,
permit it not to fail.

6 This stream of life shall ne'er be spilt,
for lo ! my being's thine ;

And from the muddy dregs of sense,
thou wilt it soon refine.

7 Thy word with inspiration fraught,
my charter still shall prove :

Thy promise there, is passport sign'd,
for fair realms above.

8 When for my dissolution ripe,
my breath with God I'll trust :

And 'neath thine eye, I'll fearless leave
my cold and flumbring dust.

9 There undisturbed shall it rest,
'till with its mate rejoin'd ;
The knittings thou shalt tie so fast,
no death shall e'er unbind.

CH. P S A L. XLH. 5.

WHY should these rising fogs of doubt,
my trembling soul surround ?

And why its warm and sprightly pow'rs,
in icy fetters bound ?

2 Tho' guilt with its long black hu'd train,
waves round its tort'ring lath ;

And black c'espair from hell escap'd,
its horrors inward flush.

3 See hope full bright with smiles advance,
to sweep these mists aside :

That fights to clear thy downcast brow,
from heav'n's high throne may glide.

Kind mercy darts a piteous glance,
and bids thy fears take wing :
In bubblings of parental warmth,
in breast divine ay spring.

On thee his bowels fondly yearn,
he longs for thy return ;
heart has room for countless worlds ;
there godlike love will burn.

Read not he'll spurn thee from his throne,
or thine embraces shun ;
Did he woo thee to his arms,
thy heart oft try'd to win.

Unworthy thought from hell inspir'd,
that heav'n will not relent ;
ofts, how wakeful for thy weal,
all on thine errands sent.

Dear, dear he bought thy worthless heart,
and for it bore much pain ;
He then thrust it from his arms
and spill his blood in vain.

CIV. PSAL. XXXVII. 37.

Behold a fav'rite of the skies,
close grappling with grim death ;
Will not from the struggle cease,
till man resign his breath.

To him how joyous is this scene,
in's breast strong transports glow,
o' thro' all his boiling veins,
the paining currents flow.

Till undisturb'd with brow serene,
he sees the foe advance,
Sweetly smiling bares his breast,

to

to meet the sharpn'd lance.

4 Sweet fragrance scents his dying bed,
his pillow soft appears,
While now the songs of paradise,
sound in his ravish'd ears.

5 Now virtue pays its long arrear,
to him makes full amends ;
How blest that life, he cries aloud,
that thus triumphant ends !

6 Tho' oft beneath a thickning gloom,
he spent th' unjoyous day :
At even tide the blushing sky,
spreads wide its chearing ray.

7 Around his couch bright seraphs watch,
'till struck the rapt'rous hour ;
When of the pass that leads from life,
they may unlock the door.

8 His soul amidst extatic flows,
peeps the frail casement thro',
Up to the everlasting hills,
where flowers unblafting grow.

9 The cottage ruinous o'er its top,
is op'ning into eyes ;
The upper and the nether worlds,
in joyous mood he spies.

10 Now all impatient to be gone,
he fedges oft his wing ;
And from th' incumbrance of his clay,
ay mints aloft to spring.

11 By help of each convulsive pang,
to birth he veers apace,
While streams of rising day above,

his fluttering soul amaze.

2 The well-known mates seem loth to part,
life's knittings keep their hold;
Ev'n tho' the spreading worlds on high,
before the fight unfold.

3 Sweet thro' the mind, in spite of death,
heaven's consolations flow ;
The high delights of paradise,
his soul begins to know.

4 Bright cherubs on their golden wings,
in sweet surprize keep nigh;
From choir to choir they shout around,
how glorious thus to die !

5 With wary sympathetick hand,
the springing dews they wipe;
And all the grinning spiteful fiends,
far at a distance keep.

CV. From the same subject.

The vital cords asunder loose,
angels the soul clasp round;
And in fair wreaths as swathing bands,
the new-born sp'rit is wound.

Ten thousand harps conduct the rout,
and in high concert join ;
While all the armies on their way,
in joyful shouts combine.

Midst countless floating worlds on high,
in ravish'd mood they sail;
Dwellers on these coasts of blifs,
th' angelick convoy hail.

On starry pavement now they tread,

suns unregarded shine,
To him whose wondering eyes are fixt,
alone on the divine.

5 The tow'rs of Zion far on high,
their fair gilt spires display ;

While from these courts guards downward sent,
salute them on their way.

6 He, too, with kindred spirits joins,
just parted from their clay ;
Who gladsome sip the brimful cup
of everlasting day.

7 Heav'n's royal palace full in view,
they thro' its suburbs move ;
While acclamations ceaseless rise,
thro' this blest world of love.

8 Full fast the everlasting doors,
on golden hinges turn ;
And shew the lamps all round the throne,
clear in their sockets burn.

9 The curtains of the throne undraw,
while glories dart so strong,
As throw in deep prostration down,
the warm adoring throng.

10 A voice from mid' the golden cloud,
pronounces loud, Well done :
Ithuriel, to yon mansion fair,
conduct this fav'rite Son.

11 The sp'rit in adorations lost,
with deepest rey'rence bow'd ;
While led to his apartment bright,
his breast with transports glow'd.

CVI. PSALM LI. 4.

1 Thou SUN, who warms the human heart,
O thaw my frozen pow'rs ;
That from these eye-lids may distil
fresh penitential show'rs.

2 To thee my GOD, my STAY, my ALL,
to thee I own the wrong :
In bold insults on thy bright throne,
I, wretch, persisted long.

3 Thy royal edicts, days untold,
I stamp'd with deep disdain ;
Allegiance to the KING of KINGS,
how oft I counted vain.

4 Thy voice without concern I heard,
breath'd out in mildest tone ;
Yet from my kind PURSUER ran,
in wrong paths treading on.

5 Warm show'ring mercies round my head,
thou rain'd, to melt my heart ;
I still despis'd, tho' of thy rod,
thou madst me feel the smart.

6 Oft were thine everlasting arms,
to clasp me spread full wide ;
Yet from thy blest embrace I leap'd,
and sought from thee to hide.

7 Thy murmurings in my guilty breast,
for long did nightly rise :
These home upbraidings I suppress'd,
and check'd remorseful cries.

8 Heav'n's sweetest boos I turn'd to gall,
thee with thy blessings fought ;

Each morning's wing fraught with thy gifts,
to me fresh guilt still brought.

CVII. P S A L. LXXI. 18.

A Lmighty GOD, whose potent word,
props all the orbs on high ;
Beneath whose wing all heav'n's bright hosts,
for constant shelter fly.

2 Permit a mite that breathes in dust,
on thee, great stay, to lean ;
When shaken by perpetual rubs,
in fluctuating scene.

3 All pillars else will crumble down,
or prove like bruised reed ;
While threatening dangers hover round,
they'll fail my sinking head.

4 Pale-visag'd age is marching fast,
to meet me on the way ;
Whose hand will knead me bitter bread,
and dy my locks all grey.

5 At once from pills now sweetned o'er,
the varnish he will strip ;
No languid sweets in cup of life,
will then be left to sip.

6 Aye as these mortal comforts ebb,
may joys supernal flow :
Delights of more than mortal taste,
make then my spirits know.

7 When 'neath the load of bygone years,
thou sees my shoulders bend :
From deader weight of countless ills,
may heav'n my soul defend.

8 When

When wintry blasts my hoary head
shall paint with snowy hue ;
ernal blessings o'er these locks,
with hand unsparing strew.

While vigour beats in ev'ry pulse,
and health is trilling round ;
loyal to my gracious LORD,
may I each day be found.

While fairer days of life do last,
thy favour I'll pursue ;
thou my comforts may'st supply,
when joys of time are few.

CVIII. P S A L. XCVII. 2.

Et no repining thought arise,
if vice all prosp'rous bloom ;
virtue for a season pine,
within the prison'd gloom.

pronounce not on the ways of heav'n,
nor tax the HIGHEST's plan ;
transcends a mortal's ken,
these awful schemes to scan.

If darkness vails th' eternal throne,
his steps are wrapt in shade ;
his procedure here below,
impervious mists are spread.

If while the just in dungeons rot,
he seems not to draw nigh :
while bold toes insult his crown,
he stands regardless by.

While justice weighs their different fates,
it holds an even scale ;

When

And

And seems alike to friends and foes,
of cross events to deal.

6 Of temporal good the impious throng,
have oft the largest share ;
While to the few by heav'n approv'd,
their portion is but spare.

7 Dare not, my soul, to misconstrue,
where reason's line may fail ;
Be patient, till the day of doom
discuss the just's appeal.

8 That hour a bright meridian beam,
each cloudy scene shall light ;
And snatch each dark event of time,
from mid surrounding night.

9 Soon will the providential chain,
its various links unfold ;
Then of its seeming ravel'd acts,
the causes shall be told.

10 Then wisdom shall in triumph march,
and all its charms display ;
All heaven its lustre shall admire,
on that dread coming day.

CIX. PSAL. XCVII. 2.

IN darkness oft our GOD resides,
in midst the cloud he dwells ;
At times the whirlwind's dreadful voice,
of his approaches tells.

2 Still justice his pavilion round,
with awful lustre throne ;
And judgment deep perpetual stays,
the pillars of his throne.

is going forth have been of old,
while mercy pav'd his road ;
Truth adorns his radiant train,
and spreads his fame abroad.

To trace the footsteps of our GOD,
in vain we mortals try ;
Dooms-day light his secret paths,
and bid these shadows fly.

When may we find why oft his yoke
the patient shoulder galls ;
why so oft around the just,
the bolt of thunder falls.

When vice shall cease its long triumph,
and justice shall prevail ;
from among the sons of men,
shall truth or judgment fail.

When shall the providential scheme,
in brightest lustre shine ;
'tis darkest acts, to grace that day,
shall in one blaze combine.

It is but a side-view of this plan,
that man can now behold ;
secrets hid from angels ken,
its teeming womb unfold.

To more th' oppressor's sharp'ned rod,
the harmless head shall smite :
shall th' oppressed for redress,
in deep impatience wait.

CX. PSAL. XCVII. II.

'Tis a darksome hemisphere,
in which we mortals moye ;

But

- But brighter day is spreading fast,
thro' all the worlds of love.
- 2 This passing scene is but man's spring
the days heav'n bids him sow ;
Like as he scatters 'mong these clods,
such in yon world will grow.
- 3 We need not try our sickle in,
'till past life's bounding line ;
Before this clearing morn appear,
'neath winter we must pine.
- 4 Even now for fav'rites of the skies,
are dropt the seeds of light ;
Which cannot pierce the cov'ring crust,
beneath the shades of night.
- 5 Man's reaping time's beyond the grave,
there waves th' enriching crop ;
While standing in this backward clime,
nought fills our hands, but hope.
- 6 Each hour, a warm wide-stretched wing,
broods on the juft's delights ;
But 'ere it hatch these tender joys,
far warmer sun it waits.
- 7 Let no despairing thoughts bud forth,
to see th' unspringing field ;
When the determin'd season comes,
rich harvest it shall yield.
- 8 There laden'd ears of gladness hang,
from seeds of sorrow sprung ;
Long steep'd in tears, and from its stream,
with painful hands oft wrung.
- 9 Unthought of increase all around,
awaits the ravish'd band ;

All o'er the fields of paradise,
the sheaves of joy shall stand.

10 Eternity will but suffice
to mow that harvest down :

Fresh blooming flow'rs from heav'nly plains,
their cheerful brows shall crown.

CXI. P S A L. CIV. 24.

ALL objects round, in one combine,
and speak their MAKER good ;
The tongue of fame, thy acts of grace,
thro' ev'ry age rings loud.

2 He's wise beyond all finite ken,
the hymning angels cry :
He's just, from off the boiling flood,
despairing fiends reply.

3 What tend'rer name shall man adopt ?
how stile th' eternal GOD,
When they are wafting tribute high,
to reach his blest abode ?

4 The worlds on high wear lovely prints
of his perfections bright :
But earth enjoys the constant shine
of mercy's streaming light.

5 While justice sheds its keenest flames
thro' deep blaspheming vale :
We mortals on smooth stream of time,
with hope's bright streamers sail.

6 From this spring-head all earth around,
rich streams of goodness flow :
And o'er each distant hill and dale,

unnumber'd blessings grow.

- 7 This is the orb where mercy's sown,
nought else thereon e'er springs :
To view its growths in summer bloom,
heav'ns hosts it downward brings.
- 8 This is JEHOVAH's brightest name,
this plume still fairest shows ;
When his wide-spread almighty wing,
with dazzling colours glows.
- 9 Man is sweet mercy's darling child,
nurs'd by its piteous hand :
And in the upper worlds, for ay,
the blest its trophies stand.
- 10 Each pulse is still an act of grace,
and calls for grateful lays ;
O ! may each tongue that's bred to sound,
proclaim the HIGHEST's praise.

CXII. P S A L. CXV. 5.

WHAT thus affrights th' Arabian sea,
and turns its stream aside ?

What makes its waters thus to flee,
and wave o'er wave to ride ?

2 Behold her wat'ry bosom rends ;
the channels rise to view :

And all the monsters of the deep,
a strange appearance shew.

3 What wonder, tho' the floods should start,
at such alarming sight ?

On yonder cloud the HIGHEST sits,
array'd in robes of light.

4 On hallow'd tribes he darts around,

intolerable day :

his pavilion, on their foes,
black midnight horrors play.

ong the deeply-furrow'd wave
he deigns the lamp to bear :
uides his *Isra'l* thro' the deep
and hushes every fear.

he liquid mountains op each hand,
hedge straight the wond'rous road :
ath such walls 'twas good to move
behind their leader GOD.

'd by an eye on yonder throne,
the waves obedient stand,
rom on high the signal waves,
they turn at his command.

ow quick they in his quarrel rise,
on *Pagan* hosts they run ;
in the royal monarch strives,
a wat'ry grave to shun.

angel needs to brandish high
the glitt'ring spear of death :
epelt rage the waters roll,
and close th' *Ægyptians* breath.

ow great that GOD, who reins the floods,
no shelter but his wing !
fect crawls, but at his nod,
to man may ruin bring.

CXIII. P S A L. CXVI. 16.

I sacred ties to gracious heav'n,
is my allegiance due :

T 2.

Each

Each stealing moment round my heart,
wreathes bindings still a-new.

2 Thine, great JEHOVAH, only thine,
thy breath my nostrils fill :

I hold each perquisite of life,
by tenure of thy will :

3 Thy potent hand first brought me forth
from darksome womb of night ;
And deck'd my frame with fairest plumes,
meet for the land of light.

4 Ten thousand comforts sweeten life,
and make its draught go down :
Soon as its stream is fully ebb'd,
thou wilt with better crown.

5 Thine too, by still a higher bond,
redemption's pow'ful right ;
Thou rescu'd from the maw of hell,
and put despair to flight.

6 Tho' I could stall the lusty droves,
that o'er earth's pastures tread ;
These could not pay my debt of love,
tho' on thine altars bled.

7 A heart o'erwhelm'd with true regret,
a brow o'ercast with shame ;
Is all the payment made at once,
that bounteous heav'n does claim.

8 Let him who paid my ransom down,
hence ev'ry pow'r employ ;
This foul thou bought, such as it is,
to thee I yield with joy.

9 Thine, LORD, I say, forever thine,
thine by unaltering choice :

My servant snatch'd from ruin's edge ;
O ! keep th' immortal prize.

CXIV. P S A L. CXXXIX. 7.2

From him who spans immensity,
where shall I point my flight ?
what recess of nature run,
t' escape his piercing sight ?

Shall I on wing of rising day,
my early tour pursue ?
nd with the sun's meridian blaze,
the fruitless toil renew ?

Yet still the footsteps of a God,
thro' all that rout I trace ;
is hand leads that bright journeyer on,
in his far distant race.

Or should I unperceived scale
the ramparts of the sky ;
nd hide me in some blissful bow'r,
that still may vacant lie :

O ! then I in his bosom sink,
and on his breast recline,
Each dweller midst these mansions fair,
his blessed arms entwine.

If thro' th' infernal shades I leap,
still aiming to retire ;
Let there his nostrils ceaseless blow
these waves of liquid fire.

There too, in hollow of his hand,
the fiends perpetual growl :
Beneath long threat'ned tortures prest,
they raise th' unpitied howl.

8 Far on th' unfurrow'd foaming tide,
 'tis vain to plunge me deep ;
 Waves rave his praise, and lie within
 his eye's unbounded sweep.

9 If in his being thus inclos'd,
 what godlike aims should sway
 His mind, whose earliest buds of thought,
 the HIGHEST soon can spy.

10 Throw wide the portals of thy soul,
 and all its bow'r's disclose ;
 Thro' all its arbours bid him range,
 who well their windings knows.

11 Prune oft the wild luxuriant branch ;
 let fragrance breathe around ;
 That he who paths the fields on high,
 may tread that nether ground.

CXV. P S A L CXLV. 15.

HOW large must be these upper springs,
 that never yet ran dry ;
 Tho' from its streams unnumber'd worlds
 still meet a rich supply.

2 Rich crops each season sure must wave,
 o'er the celestial field ;
 To human and angelick bands,
 still meet supplies they yield.

3 Each eye intently looks to him,
 whose highest name is GOOD ;
 Who from his wide all-gracious hand,
 serves up to each its food.

4 The attendants on his upper courts,
 ay on his smile depend ;

New raptures on each gladd'ning beam,
still on their heads descend.

5 Uncounted tribes below the sun,
his matchless bounty fills ;

And hunger's craving restless voice,
each passing hour he stills.

6 Man at his royal board still feeds,
heav'n too his drink provides ;
And each fresh stream that sweetens life,
thro' his wide channel glides.

7 The feather'd choirs in tuneful notes,
chant loud their num'rous wants ;
He knows the warbling songsters wish,
their suits all cheerful grants.

8 Not unforgotten are the tribes
that mid the forest howl ;
He knows what language they pronounce,
when for the prey they growl.

9 The classes chain'd beneath the flood,
their needs can scrimply spell ;
And yet they hourly meet recruits
of needs they cannot tell.

10 Th' unnatural ostrich leaves her young ;
the charge devolves on GOD :
His wing spreads o'er these orphans nest,
till meet to fly abroad.

CXVI. P S A L. CXLVII. 16, 17, 18.

O ! How capacious is that hand,
the hoary frost that sows ?
Which thro' its fingers brews the rain,
and scatters wide the snows ?

2 How

152 H Y M N S.

- 2 How great that God who clasps his lock,
far on the northern wave !
- Who 'neath strong doors can bolt them down,
when lawless billows rave.
- 3 The lengthen'd furrows o'er the plain,
in icy chains he binds :
The brook arrested in its course,
not now its path-way finds.
- 4 The bright hu'd snow is ting'd above,
in cloud of blackest die ;
That darksome fleece these carpets yields,
that o'er the hills we spy.
- 5 In yonder sky he sets his forge,
and rounded hailstones forms :
And when these magazines are full,
he tunes dispersing storms.
- 6 If to the frozen North he call,
and prison'd winds unfold ;
Who dares to meet the roaring blast,
or stand before his cold ?
- 7 Behold the mountains brow all o'er,
with crystal fringes clad ;
And all the shrubs, of leaves bereft,
are round with powd'ring spread.
- 8 He breathes ; and o'er the furrow'd plain,
the chains asunder clave ;
He bares the surface of the deep,
and frees the bolted wave.
- 9 The mountains shake their hoary heads,
and dress in gayest green ;
No more the tenants of the wood,
with shagged locks are seen.

Beneath his breath dead nature lives,
and wears a smiling hue ;
ow from the wardrobe of her GOD,
begins to dress anew.

CXVII. PSAL. CXLVIII. 3.

YE hosts above, deep vers'd in song,
begin the HIGHEST's praise ;
nd all the univerfe shall join
their humble grateful lays.

Thou radiant sun, whose dazzling look,
thy MAKER speaks divine :
ll loud his glories thro' your tour,
and praise him as you fhine.

Thou queen of night, from slumbers wake,
heav'n's clouded roof ascend :
nd while thou journey'ft thro' the sky,
to loftiest notes attend.

Ye nightly spies, that constant gaze
on man's dark midnight way ;
nd uncourageous fly the field,
at fight of diffant day :

Trim well your lamps, and pour fresh rays
in bosom of the night ;
oclaim his power whose is the oil,
that feeds your trembling light.

Ye dwellers 'midst the tuneful groye,
sing sweet in quiv'ring strain ;
nd let the shady arbours round,
your echoing notes retain.

Ye tenants of the flow'ry mead,
that o'er wide pastures low ;

Join in sweet concert to the GOD
who bids that herbage grow.

8 Ye lions, roar aloud his praise,
who to your howl draws near ;
Thro' all the thickets sound his name,
that forests wide may hear.

9 Ye scaly nations, as you swim
along the *Indian* shore :
Proclaim our GOD to darken'd tribes,
who starry hosts adore.

10 Ye reptile crowds that crawl along,
his matchless pow'r declare :
Who for your puny atom tribes,
shews still unwearied care.

11 Praise him, ye hoarse rebellious waves,
that foam with rage around ;
Who forms your rough tremendoous voice,
to raise th' affrighting sound.

12 Ye lawless winds, which from your jaws,
oft throw the reins aside :
Him praise with your shrill-sounding tongue,
who on your wings can ride.

13 Ye lightnings, glance along the heav'n's,
extend JEHOVAH's fame :
And let the thunders, as they roar,
still dwell upon his name.

14 Thou earth, whose bosom for man's guilt,
heaves the resounding groan :
In quaking notes his praises raise,
in that dismaying tone.

CXVIII. ECCLES. VIII. 8.

How wide the empire of grim death !
how uncontrol'd his sway
ben chiefest favourites of heav'n,
in his close prison lie.

Why is this rude assailant sent,
to fetch the good man home ?
Why does the casement rot so long,
in the uncheering tomb ?

Might not pale-visag'd death have charge,
the friends of heav'n to spare ;
or with rude unrelenting hands,
their vital bindings tear ?

The leprous tenement of clay,
must moulder in its urn,
till these conflagrating worlds,
in one great mass shall burn.

Deep crimson spots of guilt ingrain'd,
did stain this mud-fram'd crust ;
he MAKER, to extract the dye,
must sift anew the dust.

Each man that tastes forbidden sweets,
from founts impure that flow ;
wilt murmur tho' dissolving pangs,
he 'mid last moments know.

Tho' life's pale flame, by dying throes,
from this clay lamp be torn :
right upward to far happier climes,
'tis in that instant borne.

The pulse of life shall know no pause,
ev'n by death's stiff'ning hand :

Nor shall his flowing rapt'rous joys,
for one short moment stand.

9 What tho' thy dust by tyrant's hand,
were winnow'd in the air ?

Thy God will summon back each grain,
and thy whole frame repair.

10 What man would grudge to bury deep,
his vessel made of clay ;
In certain hope to raise it gold,
on some succeeding day ?

11 Fear not, ye just, to be undrest,
and lay your flesh aside ;
In safety 'mid earth, air or sea,
each atom shall abide.

12 There 'neath a kind all-gracious eye,
they still shall slumber on ;
'Till an eternal day shall dawn,
when scenes of time are gone.

CXIX. E C C L E S. XI. 9.

Smile on, 'till spent your youthful prime,
wear still the gayest air ;
And of each draught that sweetens life,
all mirthful taste your share.

2 When gaudy pleasures round you fawn,
why show a cold disdain ?

Or when they court the warm embrace,
why toss them back again ?

3 The restless cravings of desire,
why day by day refuse ?

Or why on ills in distant scenes,
in solemn mood ay muse ?

Yet 'mid the fair delightful scenes,
raze not the serious thought ;
that each transaction on this stage
will to the test be brought.

The truth deep in the mind imprint,
each morn this line peruse ;
that heav'n each secret rising wish,
impartially reviews.

Now conscience views the mint of thought,
and marks them as they're coin'd ;
it unperceiv'd he graves his lines,
on tables of the mind.

No dawning wish escapes the pen
in its swift-moving hand ;
all the crooked lines of life,
by it unstraighted stand.

No slumbers seize its waking eyes,
no bribe its hand e'er knows ;
it will it, 'till the final groan,
the inventory close.

The day of doom is on the wing,
its thunders brew apace ;
preparing to lead on its dawn,
and flash its awful blaze.

CXX. E C C L E S. XII. 1.

YE thoughtless tribes, whose glowing cheek,
youth paints with rosy hue ;
link how the rusty hand of time,
will wrinkle soon the brow.

Now joys beat high in ev'ry pulse,
health sparkles in the eye ;

Each

Each morn in quest of new delights,
in sanguine mood you fly.

3 But mind that pleasure's cup will sour,
and sweetest joys grow stale ;
Thy ear regardlets soon will hear
life's antiquated tale.

4 Your latest months will soon arrive,
but nought that's joyous bear ;
You'll meet successive days that bring
loads of unthought-of care.

5 Deep you may sip of youthful sweets,
nor fear its cup will sink ;
But mind, of pleasure's bitter dregs,
one day you'll deeper drink.

6 These sunless days you'll call unblest,
and sigh delights all gone ;
Yea, tho' with fame and honour wreath'd,
cry loud, your comfort's done.

7 O ! catch the golden youthful days,
while stretching on the wing ;
These, when deep furrows plow the cheek,
will richest cordials bring.

8 Weigh every hour, and get its worth,
e'er from your hands it part ;
Of squander'd moments once you'll find
the sad tormenting smart.

9 While youthful warmth distends the heart,
to him its throne resign,
Who with these sparkling beams of hope,
has made thy brow to shine.

10 By impulse of supernal grace,
still turn thy soul to God ;

For that magnetic virtue seek,
which points to his abode.

CXXI. ECCLES. XII. 2.

YE rising plants, yet green in age,
unskill'd in life's wide plan ;
O'er whom time has but faintly grav'd
the characters of man.

Set early out, the journey's long,
thy number'd days are few ;
air tho' thy morn, clouds soon may rise,
and hide noon from thy view.

Not long thy sun smiles from the sky,
till vail'd by death's damp shade ;
Till of the silver orb of night,
the waning rays do fade.

On day undistant will the guards,
that watch thy house of clay,
frighted at death's ghastly look,
soon haste them fast away.

Soon in the tedious home of man,
thy breathles clay must dwell ;
be waving streamers round the streets,
shall thy departure tell.

The mould that lent its finer grains,
to rear thy mortal frame,
asks for each atom recompence,
and soon will seize the same.

Thy dust back to its dust will tend,
sp'rit too must have its due ;
him that breathes the vital flame,
soon must it stand the view.

8 All dangers now, but his dire frown,
try fearless to disdain ;
Each pursuit but heav'ns chearing smile,
now learn to count it vain.

CXXII. E C C L E S . XI. 10.

WHAT risques attend the race of life !
ills hover o'er each stage ;
Toys waste man's youth, and cares his prime,
pains meet his hoary age.

2 When first he mounts life's wheeling car,
full fast a while he drives ;
High flush'd with hope in forward mood,
long for fresh pleasure strives.

3 Regardless of the well-lin'd path,
at heav'ns command hedg'd high ;
He leaps it o'er, and at each toy,
he seems on wing to fly.

4 Oft smiling at the sacred page,
that counts earth's pursuits vain ;
Which stamps rank folly on its joys,
on best attainments, pain.

5 But soon himself this truth attests,
for pleasure meets a cross ;
The ore pick'd on forbidden ground,
tho' glittering, melts to dross.

6 O ! while the cheek glows warm with youth,
mark well the lurking snare ;
A thousand objects may beguile,
ev'n when they look full fair.

7 Think not of joys unmixed to taste,
while here they frothy prove ;

Delights all pure, fair virtue yields,
in yonder worlds above.

8 Ay mind that hoary hairs may grow
in an unjoyous time ;
Which will take colour from the life
thou leads in this thy prime :

9 Yea, think, that when time's scenes are fled,
eternity succeeds ;
Which sings or wails too, oft as youth
life's grand transaction heeds.

CXXIII. ECCLES. XII. x.

Beneath a load of cares and years,
lo age begins to bend !
The lamp of life but feebly flames,
when drawing near its end.

2 Now dim all round the prospect shows,
to his short-sighted eye ;
Behind, and on each side the road,
joy's wither'd leaves you spy.

3 Wave after wave has beat so long,
just o'er his snowy head ;
That in the furrows of the brow,
deep sorrows you may read.

4 The sweets thin sown that shoot on earth,
are scatt'red by the winds ;
And pains more lasting in their stead,
each chearless day he finds.

5 His dreams of sublunary bliss,
have vanish'd into nought ;
And pleasure's streams wherein he swam,
he counts too dearly bought.

- 6 The dregs of being, now he taftes,
and draggs the load of life ;
Oft calling for the grisly king,
to end the tedious strife.
- 7 Think ye that stoop towards the tomb,
what lies on farther side ;
Soon will the knell proclaim you hence,
where then will you reside ?
- 8 On brink of op'ning grave make stand,
step pensive on its edge :
In meet array thy spirit dress,
before its wings thou fledge.
- 9 From fond pursuit of shadows turn,
this life draws on to end ;
Soon must you bid this world adieu,
your course to others, bend.

CXXIV. *From the same subject.*

- A** Ge, why thus range from flow'r to flow'r,
which thus all drooping lie ?
Or why be milking thus the world,
whose breasts are sucked dry ?
- 2 Its scanty harvest of delights,
with toil you've reaped down ;
Why look to see their stubble spring,
and these green wishes crown ?
- 3 To glean these sublunary straws,
should age its shoulder bow ?
When thus the wine of life is drawn,
'tis vain its lees to brew.
- 4 Why stretch a trembling arm to seize,
what mock'd each former hope ;

is't wise, amidst life's dusky eve,
for pebbles thus to grope ?

The fancied scenes of worldly bliss,
see now to bubbles blown ;
The castles rear'd in sanguine mood,
are back to rubbish thrown.

'Tis growing late, day dies apace,
are life's transactions done ?
Know that the slender thread of life,
to end will soon be spun.

The grave impatient makes your bed,
and calls to its long home ;
Look how ye totter on its brink,
as longing for your tomb.

Long on the weary limbs you stand,
while others go to bed ;
What thousands have you left behind,
in death's wide empire spread !

Ere earth shake hands, bid it adieu,
and spurn its glitt'ring toy :
It views beyond this scene of things,
your soaring thoughts employ.

Start not, when on the brink of death,
you pause, its vale to view :
The inspired page holds out a torch,
to light your footsteps through.

CXXV. I S A. I.V. 2.

W HY wasted thus your golden hours,
in this low toilsome chace ?
Once disappointment marks each step,
why still pursue the race ?

2 On pleasure's quick delusive stream,
your bark triumphant sails ;
Yet still the shore of true content,
your expectation fails.

3 O ! why unheeding, thus exchange
thy soul, thy very all,
To what, 'ere many suns go down,
the gr. slest cheat you'll call ?

4 Ye fools, who feel each hour a thirst
for some sufficing draught ;
Yet ne'er to this spring head repair,
with cooling waters fraught.

5 Thence streams of life perennial flow ;
archangels drink their fill :
Thither, ye empty-handed, come,
and highest cravings still.

6 Forsake the drying springs of time ;
taste heav'n's all-clearing wine :
Nor more in mournful tone complain,
that all a-thirst you pine.

7 Fear not to meet an empty breast,
hence milky streams shall glide ;
Which wide eternity throughout,
undraining shall abide.

8 On breasts of goodness infinite,
the raptur'd seraphs sip ;
While bliss transcending mortal thought,
sits ever on the lip.

9 Mint thou to stretch thy wide desire
beyond an angel's ken ;
That wish OMNIPOTENCE shall crown,
nor from such raptures wean.

10 Train out your warmest thought from hence,

give boundless wishes scope :
at GOD who sees them soaring high,
ne'er disappoints such hope.

CXXVI. I S A. XXIX. 13.

H me ! beneath a feeble wing,
I'm flutt'ring here below ;
of pure reason's joyous noon,
the dawnings faintly know.

While on the boughs of paradise,
bright choirs have perched long ;
their throats they now unwearying swell,
to reach the rapt'rous song.

Still I must chatter in my cage,
yet stranger to their key ;
on the spreading tree of life,
I hop from spray to spray.

How oft I bend my bow to dart
an ardent wish on high !
Oft the slackening string gives way,
before the arrow fly.

When on the straggling thoughts I toll,
and call my wishes home ;
Wanderers come but slowly in,
yea, oft, still farther roam.

Midst sacred moments, vain desires
not seldom dare to rove ;
On the top of folly's mount,
and thro' the airy grove.

That solemn hour I mint to shut
the gates that close the mind ;
Might I lock the angry North,

and

and prison fast the wind,

8 Of human things I slack my hold,
to grasp at the divine ;
That hour, round what's below the sun,
my heart does fester twine.

9 What tho' in pensive mood I tread
earth's trifles, with disdain ?
My bosom warms, and to my breast
I press them close again.

10 Full oft I wish to soar on high,
delights above to know ;
But seldom find my relish gone
for tasteless sweets below.

CXXVII. P S A L. CXIX. 136.

B Ehold this low benighted world
hung round with sights of woe !
What wonder tho' unbidden tears
from ev'ry eye should flow ?

2 See him whom hofts on high adore,
by puny worms forgot ;
Who mind not, that his awful doom
decides their endless lot.

3 That name on which the seraph dwells,
see daring mortals rend :
Uncreature-like, their stiffen'd knees
lo ! they disdain to bend.

4 JESUS, dear JESUS, how he's scorn'd ;
behold how fresh his wounds !
Gainst him, what horrid blasphemies
the sadden'd air resounds.

5 The human nature clad in shame,

O wail in plaintive tone ;
While reason suffers gross abuse,
degraded from her throne.

GOD's world at high expence maintain'd,
is stage for acting ill :
In ev'ry room of this wide house,
with gross disorders fill.

See thoughtless mortals fearless tread
on hell's deluding brink :
Ho' midst the dread despairing waves,
vast crowds still helpless sink.

More dismal still, that thousands round,
the scene with fondness view :
Ho' fights such like from the blest cheek,
the briny currents drew.

Ye friends of heav'n, sow thick in tears,
and soon your seed will spring ;
Whic to your arms, full sheaves of joy
shall in blest moment bring.

With dewy eye-lids, see these wrongs ;
these num'rous ills bemoan :
On will your cheeks be wiped-clean,
when time's few hours are gone.

CXXVIII. J S A. I. 2.

Urrounding heav'ns ! to silence hush,
attend a speaking GOD ;
Ho' from fair Zion's tow'ring heights,
now pours his voice abroad.

Earth too, regard the awful tale ;
let all thy vales resound :
And when thy deeds of shame are told,

let

let grief unfeign'd abound.

3 I, nature's PARENT, rais'd yon race,
with kind indulgent care ;
Nor did I, on their various tribes,
heav'n's choicest blessings spare.

4 Long on the breasts of mercy fed,
and in its arms embrac'd ;
I daily still'd their new-born sighs,
and hush'd their cares to rest.

5 Day's glorious lamp, high fill'd with oil,
for their behoof I light ;
To guide their steps ; o'er heav'n's broad hear
I kindle fires of night.

6 Mine eye unmoving stood their guard,
and look'd all harm aside ;
And 'neath my warm wide-spreading wing,
their heads still safe abide.

7 If with the gathering storms appall'd,
they heav'd a feeble cry ;
'Ere from their lips the wish took wing,
I sav'd them from on high.

8 Each moment posting o'er their heads,
can still fresh boons attest :
My store-house ay unbolted stands,
to yield them what is best.

9 I fitted earth at high expence,
to be their transient home ;
'Till train'd to join the songful hosts
in heav'n's eternal dome.

10 To share with me, unending joy,
I rear'd unthinking man :
I made him largely taste that bliss
I had, 'ere time began.

CXXIX. ISA. I. 2.

Ut, ah ingrate ! the favour'd race
 D'gainst me still lift the heel ;
 And for the mercies ceaseless rain'd,
 No kind emotions feel.

My cords of love could not restrain ;
 They cut these gentle bands ;
 Their necks refuse my easy yoke,
 They spurn my high commands.

How oft I mint to win their hearts,
 Yet feel their bosoms cold ?
 So to all else their op'ning minds
 Their various leaves unfold.

They cautious shun the path I mark ;
 From my embraces fly :
 Dain the promise of a GOD,
 And all my threats defy.

Yet still unflush'd with conscious shame,
 Their brows how high they raise !
 Headlong down the steep of vice,
 They tread with hasty pace.

The lowing ox that chews the cud,
 His owner watchful heeds ;
 The dullest 'midst that brutal herd,
 Will lick the hand that feeds.

The ass that o'er its fodder brays,
 Ne'er from its crib will run ;
 The master's wonted humble stall,
 It seldom strives to shun.

While men that rose beneath my hand,
 Their OWNER do not know ;

Nor to the fountain of their breath,
does humble homage flow.

9 Allegiance due to heav'n's bright crown,
with hands uplifted sworn ;
Yet that to yield with daring look,
behold frail mortals scorn.

10 Because I plunge them not in woe,
they whisper, " There's no GOD " ;
Since judgment sleeps, how oft they pour
blasphemous sounds abroad.

CXXX. I S A. XXVI. 7.

O ! Thou who with impartial hand,
weighs man's depending fate ;
And in the twinkling of an eye,
decides his changeless state.

2 I dread to see thy beam hung up,
and worlds call'd in to view ;
That to the trembling sons of men,
thou yield their rightful due.

3 When tried 'gainst weights by justice stamp'd,
this foul will prove too light ;
If in the ballance counterpois'd
with strict eternal right.

4 Let smiling mercy stretch its arm,
and hold these equal scales ;
Still throwing in the other grain,
when on my side it fails.

5 Let not strict justice interfere,
may pity judge the cause ;
And soften, by its gracious doom,
heav'n's unabating laws.

6 Yea rather, thou, man's warmest friend,
thou, JESUS, deign t' attend ;
And when that hour of trial strikes,
bring't to a joyous end.

When in the sight of yonder JUDGE,
our wanting race were weigh'd ;
Thou threw thy self into the scales,
and all defects supply'd.

Thou meted up heav'n's full demands,
from measures running o'er ;
And from that store-house near thy heart,
the needful streams didst pour.

What lacks in me, ah ! all is lack,
almighty FRIEND, supply ;
Since rightful claims are all paid off,
forbid me then to die.

Each bosom, but thine own, prov'd cold,
when man a captive lay ;
One but thyself had heart or hand,
his ransom set to pay.

Wean'd from all else, I spring to thee ;
O ! stretch thy shelt'ring wing :
And let that name, by all ador'd,
to me redemption bring.

CXXXI. P S A L. LXXII. 17.

ESU S, the blest eternal name,
wherewith heav'n's concave rings ;
Hose ev'ry mention, to its hosts,
unceasing rapture brings,

Transporting view ! when I shall dwell
on that dear joyous sound ;

When all the harps of paradise
its echo shall rebound.

3 High God-like deeds shall wait his fame
thro' all surrounding skies ;

Untarnish'd by the hand of time,
when sick'ning nature dies.

4 The sun shall of his circuit tire,
his blaze thro' age decay ;
His visage shall grow hoary hue'd,
and shed wan-colour'd rays.

5 The moon one hour shall niggard prove,
of her clear silver beams ;
And with a sparing hand pour forth
her borrow'd midnight streams.

6 Then lawrels of unfading green,
shall JESUS' brow adorn,
Hence lustre unconceiv'd shall dart,
to dim time's brightest morn.

7 From his wide ever-teeming stores,
the blessing shall descend ;
And nations yet in time's dark womb,
shall at his footstool bend.

8 Far distant tongues from earth redeem'd,
to him glad homage pay ;
And own their crowns to hold of him,
their everlasting stay.

9 His blessed name by all ador'd,
their raptur'd bosoms swell ;
Eternity, thro' all its rounds,
his glories cannot tell.

10 O ! may his fame this earth surround,
let men his acts record ;
Let age to age in loftiest strains,
praise their incarnate LORD.

CXXXII. R E V E L. I. 5.

MY soul, in grateful lays extol,
that boundless source of love ;
Which emptying, yet still full to brim,
thro' ages all shall prove.

His praise resound, whose piteous eye,
descry'd our sinking race ;
Deep plung'd in guilt, despair, and shame,
and bought an act of grace.

Far in his side the sluice he cut,
to vent the purple flood ;
When nought beside could purge their stains,
he bath'd them in his blood.

Behind the chariot wheels of sense,
he saw bright reason chalm'd ;
Mangl'd o'er with gushing wounds,
with blackest spots all stain'd.

He put th' usurping foe to flight,
and sense in chains did lay ;
Made reason re-ascend her throne,
and bear her ancient sway.

Men from the altars of a God
were doom'd to just exile ;
Till he around our guilty heads
did pour the hallow'd oil.

Within the register of life,
our names could not be found;
But in life's bundle his blest hand,
our souls full fast has bound.

O love immense ! without a name ;
a sea without a shore !

My thoughts stil' plunge in the abyss,
when o'er its streams I soar.

9 O rapt'rous theme ! heav'n's sweetest song ;
all nature sound his praise :
Ye upper worlds, with all your hosts,
MESSIAH's glories raise.

10 I triumph in the blissful hope,
to join with you above :
But ah ! his glories to describe,
our songs too faint will prove.

CXXXIII. P S A L. C. 3.

B Efore the potter's moulding hand
had fram'd my yielding clay ;
I, wrapt in matter's sluggish mass,
cut off from being, lay.

2 To him that grav'd man on my brow,
my ev'ry breath be praise :
Each deed still echo to his word,
and high his glory raise.

3 Me in the rising chain of life,
thou fix'd on lofty link :
To inlets of inferior sense,
thou added pow'r to think.

4 Then from the font of bliss, thou pour'd
a pure unnigard draught :
By thee, my strong immortal pow'rs
with future hopes were fraught.

5 My race of being's unconfin'd
within the sun's wide sphere ;
Nor shall it interruption know,
when dim his rays do wear.

This structure of dimensions vast,
creation cannot fill :
Desires so craving, thou, thyself
alone can't fully still.

Unchain'd, ev'n when the clay-built frame
tells close its flumb'ring eye ;
With glance of thought the spirit soars
thro' tractless lengths of sky.

Thou kindler of this breath of life,
again this soul inspire ;
that all the pow'rs which from thee came,
may back to thee aspire.

CXXXIV. L U K E . I. 78.

In grateful strains, that GOD adore,
who wakes the star of day,
o shew to our benighted world,
the sun's approaching ray.

How cheerless were perpetual night,
with all its mantling gloom,
fill in black these skies were hung,
above earth's dusky room.

But still far darker hangings drew
the human mind around,
hen o'er its midnight-colour'd face,
not one pure glimpse was found.

But tongues of men will found too low,
to utter half his praise ;
no o'er Bethlehem in blest hour,
the STAR of morn did raise.

Aloft on swelling surges rais'd,
how fearless men did row !

With

With rocks of ruin spread around,
to dash th' immortal soul.

6 'Till this great light all God-like rose,
no friendly ray appear'd :

Thick darkness clad the human mind,
this star the gloom has clear'd.

7 This lights thro' life's tempestuous sea,
to yon calm peaceful shore ;
Where happy crowds all joyous land,
not dread these hazards more.

8 Had Jesus to these upper worlds,
his clearing rays confin'd,
Then whither bound, or where to land,
who could the knowledge find ?

CXXXV. P S A L. LV. 6.

When shall I burst th' incrusting shell,
that I to life may spring !
Haste, death, from this my panting heart,
the vital juices wring.

2 Thrice happy dove that from its foe,
can waft itself on high,
While I within a grate of sense,
in rusty fetters lie.

3 I long to see my plumage grown,
that I may fledge my wing ;
And of the God that gifts my breath,
the loudest praises sing.

4 Ye hosts, who 'neath perpetual noon,
spend everlasting day :
Whose choirs thro' all the blissful bow'r's
in endless raptures stray.

While you your lofty anthems raise,
and chant the heav'nly song ;
I, a mortal, throw my mite,
angelick hymns among ?

Fain would I tune my feeble pow'rs,
and in your concert join ;
adly resound your sweetest airs,
to hymn your GOD and mine.

Could I but listen, while you touch
your golden harps on high ;
gh hallelujahs would I raise,
with heav'nly melody.

O ! how I long to know the key
on which the seraphs sing ;
nd with what warmth their bosoms glow,
when they their tribute bring.

At times I stretch my growing wing,
full bent to reach the sky ;
hear the songs of paradise,
I oft my pinions try.

But ah ! within mud prison walls,
I'm still enclosed round :
is hard to soar, when this pent soul
with flesh is closely wound.

Yet hasty time, on wing brings near
the hour that sets me free ;
hen from life's desart joyless isle,
I shall triumphant flee.

O ! sure 'twill prove a rapt'rous morn,
when death my sp'rit disbands :
en like you, cherubs, shall it sing,
when 'midst your ranks it stands.

CXXXVI. E C C L E S. XII. 7.

How awful ! when on mount of death,
my tott'ring footsteps stand ;
When time shall cry aloud, " Farewell,
" eternity's at hand."

2 How will the soul keep up its look,
when hov'ring on yon brink ;
Beholding the tremendous vale,
before it thither sink ?

3 No wonder, tho' the pulse of life
thro' dread, make final pause ;
When death has seiz'd the trembling prey,
in his rapacious jaws.

4 More awful, still, to stand the view
of an all-piercing eye ;
And hear my state, that instant fix'd
for an eternity.

5 Strange sight ! when yonder sun goes out,
and brightest flame expires ;
These eyes must see the seraph soon
rest all th' ethereal fires.

6 Yet then, this flame that warms my breast,
must unextinguish'd burn,
When all the bright'ning rays of noon
to midnight horrors turn.

7 No floods can quench this vital spark ;
no weight this sp'rit could crush ;
Tho' worlds on worlds from countless spheres,
should all against it rush.

8 No winds shall blow this candle out,
death does no more but move

7. From this dark lanthorn made of clay,
to brighter one above.

Down in eternity's deep vale,
age still on age shall roll ;
none shall see a hoary look
on man's unalt'ring soul.

It midst fresh streams of bliss, must swim,
in extasies remain :
'neath a fiery deluge chain'd,
feel high unpitied pain.

Thought shudders at the awful view,
one moment time's forgot ;
soon its pursuits from the mind,
these serious views will blot.

Thou kindler of th' undying flame ;
O ! thou who lends my breath ;
fount of bliss this drop lead back,
when hence pour'd forth by death.

CXXXVII. J O B XXX. 23.

Ho' now my cheek flush'd high with health,
bodes future blisful days ;
while heav'n too deigns a transient smile,
and sheds fair prosp'rous rays.

Twill prove but an inconstant gleam,
my sun, tho' bright, will set :
in undistant hour, must pay
my nature's awful debt.

Full well I know, th' eternal God,
whose is my fleeting breath,
old decreed my frame a place,
'midst the realms of death.

4 Within the gates of that wide house,
rear'd in the grave's empire ;
When life's fatiguing march is o'er,]
I must from hence retire.

5 Who can his summon'd sp'rit retain,
when vital ties are cut ?

At the pale messenger's approach,
what hand the gates shall shut ?

6 And am I sure, one day, to quit
this tenement of clay ;

To see the dusky eve shut in,
of life's dread closing day ?

7 Sit loose, my soul, to all around ;
taste sparing of its joys :

When thou removes, thou canst not flit
these sublunary toys.

8 Why should I stake me down to earth,
and wreath myself in chains ?

Much rather, to my soaring mind,
throw cheerful up the reins.

9 When grov'ling aims strike deep their roots,
quick pull them back again :

Grow not enamour'd of this soil,
count all its pursuits vain.

10 Soon as my wishes grow to earth,
may heav'n in sunder part ;

And from all fetters forg'd below,
still disengage my heart,

CXXXVIII. D E U T. XXXII. 50.

MUft, too, the grisly messenger
arrest this hoary head ?

Must it, for debt to nature due,
be to dark prison led ?

Must *Moses'* limbs, with age benumb'd,
to this grim monarch bow ?

Must death's dark pencil, o'er his cheek,
imprint its ghastly hue ?

The straits that part these funder'd worlds,
make but a narrow flood :

Light not this sage be wasted o'er,
on some light-colour'd cloud ?

No : heav'n has wall'd this mortal life ;
strong guards has plac'd all o'er ;
That none from out God's world escape,
'till death unbolt the door.

Of ev'ry pass that leads from hence,
he's charg'd to keep the gate ;
Those most impatient to be gone,
still his approach must wait,

What crowds are in his porch detain'd
long at his gates they knock,
Tore he deign to turn the key,
or his wide doors unlock.

Yet *Moses* soon the threshold steps ;
he scarce the jailor knows :
order from on high, wide leaves,
death for his passage throws.

The king of terrors dare not strip
this man with his rude hands :
The HIGHEST deigns, with gentlest touch,
to loose his vital bands.

From Nebo's top, to worlds of love,
'tis short and joyous road ;

Ere

'Ere yet well clasp'd in arms of death,
he hails the blest abode.

10 Heav'n give this monarch strictest charge,
softly to make my bed ;
And let thy consolations then,
distil around my head.

CXXXIX. I C O R. XV. 55.

D Read scene I behold relentless death,
the great MESSIAH wounds :
A blow just aimed at his breast,
earth's deepest vale resounds.

2 Creation startles at the groan
she all astonish'd hears ;

And o'er her wide-extended orbs,
a mournful aspect wears,

3 Man's final foe with stedfast aim,
did long this victim eye ;

Flush'd with vain hope that his realms
could hold a DEITY.

4 In hell's dark forge, he grinds his lance,
and whets his blunted spear ;

'Ere with this champion of the skies,
to combat he draw near.

5 Him with its keenest edge he gash'd ;
like wounds death never dealt,

As those which in life's closing hours,
th' adored JESUS felt.

6 O death ! how durst thou bend thy bow,
or bid thine arrows fly ?

'Gainst our IMMANUEL why so bold,
as thine artillery try ?

- 7 For ever wither'd be thine arm,
that flung the poison'd dart ;
Which of dire agonizing pangs,
made JESUS feel the smart.
- 8 Yet now I triumph, while I see,
thy boasted vict'ry vain :
Thou durst not hold this captive PRINCE,
within thy dark domain.
- 9 Why then arraign thee for that wound,
whence sweetest cordial springs ;
Which oft to tortur'd dying breasts
perpetual comfort brings ?
- 10 Prepare thy shafts and do thy worst ;
haste, all thy weapons wield :
But when thou wrings thy terrors out,
his wounds relief will yield.
- 11 I fly to meet thy sharpen'd lance,
nor dread thy sternest brow ;
I'll brave the horrors thou canst spread,
and triumph at thy view.
- 12 Come rather thou whose vassal he,
who bids his arrows fly :
Cause thou this hoary messenger,
these bands of flesh unty.
- 13 Let him these vestments strip quite off,
and gently close my breath :
That I may clasp thee in mine arms,
thou conqueror of death.
- 14 I own 'tis meet I wait thy call,
to reach my native home ;
Yet thou hast taught me, LORD, to pray,
O come, LORD JESUS, come.
- 15 Let my release pass heav'n's great seal,

and

and grant this deed of grace ;
 That I may meet these rapt'rous smiles
 which stream from thy bright face.

16 Long have I trod this foreign land,
 an exile from thy throne :
 Here let me no more sigh my breath,
 and heave th' unpity'd groan.

CXL. H E B. XII. 5.

B E still, my lab'ring troubled breast,
 each murmur'ring thought forego ;
 Nor let a tide of discontent
 within thy bosom flow.

2 The bow by hand divine was bent,
 that shot this piercing dart :
 'Twas from on high the arrow flew,
 which gives this painful smart.

3 No random-strokes are ever aim'd ;
 blind man sees not the hand :
 Yea, tho' from earth, the croſs should spring,
 it grows at heav'n's command.

4 Still wisdom bends the needful yoke
 that wreathes the neck of man ;
 To fix the wand'rer to the beam,
 who from his service ran.

5 If oft thy choicest comforts droop,
 just when they reach their prime ;
 'Tis he who nips the flatt'ring bud,
 at heav'n's appointed time.

6 The prickly thorns that hedge thy path,
 by his permission spread ;
 Nor is that cross thou feels, so sore,

without

without his knowledge bred.

Tho' oft with bitters charged high,
thou spurn th' unsavoury cup ;
thou ought to drink it off, and mind,
that wisdom mixt it up.

Submissive 'neath his sceptre bend,
and kiss his waving road ;
Wn when deep frowns o'ercast his brow,
revere a chaff'ning GOD.

CXLI. I S A. III. II.

ON frothy stream of gay delights,
what numbers thoughtless swim !
Tho' from the fatal bow of death,
the arrows ceaseless teem.

Down in their cups, forbidden joys,
just to the brim they pour :
And jovial drink the muddy stream,
nor mind a final hour.

How oft the poison lurks unseen,
amidst this pleasing draught !
Tho' all delicious, yet 'tis still,
with deadly juices fraught.

From pleasure's giddy chace recall'd,
behold the thoughtless man ;
Who thro' deceitful paths of vice,
with forward steps long ran.

Just from the conqueror's deadly hand,
he met yon poison'd wound ;
And now he waits 'till in his bands
his stiffning limbs be bound.

Ah piteous sight ! his eye-balls roll,

- and stare with deep affright ;
 As if their lids were just to close,
 amidst unending night.
- 7 Dread anguish seems to boil within,
 its steam full thick ascends :
 Black guilt thro' all his tortur'd mind
 its dire forebodings sends.
- 8 Where now the dear-bought mingl'd sweets,
 which lately froth'd so high ?
 Let now his scorched panting soul,
 this season'd cordial try.
- 9 Alas ! its flavour'd scent is gone,
 and to rank bitters turn'd ;
 The palate of all relish spoil'd,
 that soured cup now spurn'd.
- 10 All springs of joy he finds run dry,
 for ease where shall he run ?
 Where hide himself, his greatest foe,
 in this dark hour to shun ?

CXLII. *From the same subject.*

- F**rom 'neath his dark despairing brow,
 he dreads to look on high ;
 Nor dares he to the GOD above,
 lisp out his feeble cry.
- 2 Ten thousand deeds of darkness rise,
 and in grim forms appear ;
 They float before his glimmering sight,
 and frightful visage wear.
- 3 How oft he mints to lock the doors,
 where new-cast thoughts are coin'd ?
 But to shut close these mally gates,

a key he cannot find.

4 Reason late banish'd from her throne,
her ancient sway regains ;
Its hoarse upbraiding sound within,
without are racking pains.

5 Push'd forward by successive throes,
on the dread brink he stands
Of that dark den where bailing waves
break o'er infernal bands.

6 From being could he find a pass,
with transports would he run ;
That of his fierce enraged mind,
the gnawings he might shun.

Now sad the knell that stuns his ear,
the heart-strings break in twain ;
And o'er the precipice of death,
he plunges deep in pain.

A GOD on high frowns terrors down ;
how dreadful is his ire !
He dooms the disembodied wretch,
to dwell in wreaths of fire. -

Then dragg'd by black blaspheming fiends,
o'er the sulphureous lake ;
He's chain'd beneath the scalding flood,
to hell's deep-driven stake.

Now bursts the deep despairing roar,
that echo's thro' the gloom :
But heaven regardless of his groans,
seals fast his changeless doom.

CXLIII. MATTH. X. 28.

WHY should the tyrant's angry frown,
thy visage e'er make pale ?

Or at his unavailing threats,
why should thy spirits fail ?

2 What tho' his fury unrestrain'd,
should all its banks o'erflow ?

And deadly hate at once break loose,
nor bounds of reason know ?

3 His ireful blade will prove too short,
th' unbodied part to harm ;

The spear can only reach thy clay,
tho' plung'd by stoutest arm.

4 The grave will prove thy safe retreat,
and soon his malice stop :

Tho' to its edge he should pursue,
there will his dagger drop.

5 What tho' he kill, yet by the deed
think what the monster wins :

Since thro' that sluice life's prison'd stream,
back to its fountain runs,

6 Let fear of him who owes thy breath,
each hour possess thy soul :

And pious dread, high mixt with hope,
thro' all its channels roll.

7 His frown could in an instant blast
the fair angelic rose :

Soon will they fade, if once his ire
on their bright blossom blows.

8 Down to your being's utmost depth,
his kindling wrath could reach :

What power can stand, if his strong arm,
in anger once he stretch ?

9 Th' immortal flame he once did light,
his breath can instant quench ;

Or deep beneath the surging fire,
thy spirit quickly drench.

10 Still let thine eye perceive his brow,
revere his awful nod :

Let all inferior fears take wing,
but dread an angry God.

CXLIV. M A T T H. XVI. 26.

WHAT empty shadows mortals grasp ?
nought's real here below :
All things by vanity are stamp'd,
and are but empty show.

All sublunary toys when weigh'd,
just as the feather seem ;
'gainst eternity they're pois'd,
the scale soon kicks the beam.

How rank the fool that quits his claim,
to all sufficing joy,
For husky crumbs of low delights,
that while he's tasting, cloy ?

Collect the fading diadems,
that wreath each princely brow ;
Who barter's heav'n for all their gems,
will soon his bargain rue.

Amass at once the golden ore,
yet ripening in the mines ;
With pearls seedling on their beds,
where sunny beam ne'er shines.

6 This wealth let angels then compute,
no sterl'ing will they find ;
'Tis tramp'l'd dust in their conceit,
and lighter than the wind.

7 O mortals ! ponder well the deed,
'ere you such contract feast,
Tho' for your souls you gain a world,
what will that world avail ?

8 Throw not th' undying spark away ;
sell not thyself so cheap ;

O ! canst thou from salvation's Rock,
to endless ruin leap ?

9 If wreck'd on black perdition's shelves,
how hideously thou'll roar !

And pay two worlds for one small plank,
to waft thee safe on shore,

10 To lift thee from destruction's gulph,
what wouldest thou not lay down ?

Such help would seem too cheaply bought,
if purchas'd with a crown.

CXLV. MATTH. VII. 14.

THe path that leads to realms of bliss,
is but a rugged road ;
A thousand obstacles block up
the way that leads to God.

2 Aid, thou, who leads the starry hosts,
thro' their long nightly tour ;
Who guides these wand'lers thro' the sky,
at the black midnight hour.

3 None but an eye immensely bright,
can human hazards spy ;

None but thy uncreated hand,
can teach these risques to fly.

Dark thickets edge the narrow way,
where darts unnumber'd light;

What foes man's final ruin try,
close vail'd from mortal sight,

That fly enchantress too, the world,
drest'd up in gaudy plumes;

His place who form'd the human heart,
with impudence assumes.

Man to himself too, proves a foe,
an en'my nests within:

Ho' those without should all retire,
he's stunn'd with home-bred din.

Yet myriads safe thro' life's dark lane,
are led triumphant home;

Whose joyous strains now sweetly sound,
thro' heaven's extended dome.

Thou, their unerring guide, be mine,
thru' this low sunless vale:
By wakeful eye each motion spies,
of foes that would afflai.

Then when death views the signal wav'd,
to seal my closing eyes;
With lawrels green compleatly wreath'd,
I'll grasp the glorious prize.

CXLVI. MATTH. XX. 6.

E fools who bend beneath the load
of tedious lazy hours;
None who chide the hasty sun as slow,
in his diurnal tours.

- 2 While life is oft surname'd short,
 you wish it still more clipt ;
And of a thousand lonely days,
 still long to see it stript.
- 3 What various aid you summon in,
 from time to set you free ?
To shun the dreadful load of time,
 oft from yourselves you flee.
- 4 O ! how men fear the weight of hours ;
 what terror 'tis to think ?
Altho', each pulse, we hang upon
 eternity's dread brink.
- 5 Strange sight ! to view immortal men,
 step onward to the grave ;
Yet launching thro' gay pleasure's stream,
 and skip on folly's wave.
- 6 Ah ! can your hands find no employ,
 your moments to beguile ?
And make the closing hours of life,
 sweet in your visage smile.
- 7 Think, every step cuts short your race,
 soon will you lift the last ;
How will you wade thro' endless years,
 when these few days are past ?
- 8 Well might you cry, the season's scrimp,
 to execute life's plan ;
Too short probation-time's allow'd,
 for an immortal man.
- 9 In thought try on your future shroud,
 and visit your long home ;
Take leisure view of bygone steps,
 from out this fancied tomb.
- 10 No more you'll groan beneath the weight,

or more of time complain ;
Then sure you'll breathe an ardent wish,
for squander'd days again.

CXLVII. *From the same subject.*

The objects round are all on haste,
nor lingring moments know ;
Above, beneath, and far around,
none else but man is slow.

The sun that metes man's measur'd days,
no nightly slumber breaks ;
To measure by man's tale of days,
at midnight hour he wakes.

Th' unfetter'd winds oft o'er the plain,
with quick career do blow ;
And still the proud unresting waves,
in hasty surges flow.

Bright hosts above, all nature round,
on grandest errands fly ;
While fiends by black infernal arts,
man's ruin ceaseless try.

Yet man lies yawning on his couch,
'midst airy phantoms lost ;
While of the days heav'n metes him by,
the greater part is lost.

In man's deaf ear each object round,
does solemn lectures preach ;
To make dispatch, and do his work,
unthinking man they teach.

Yet he thus spurr'd, still lags behind,
in his momentuous sphere :
or him the seraphs anxious stand,

himself all void of fear.

- 8 Give, LōRD, my being's end to know,
to haste with all around ;
That my last stricken hour may prove
a sweet transporting sound.

CXLVIII. AMOS V. 8.

Now midnight's veil in funder rends ;
its mists are quickly fled :
'Ere yonder orient source of day,
start from his spacious bed.

2 The bright'ning morn steals unperceiv'd,
o'er all the blushing sky ;
While all the radiant arch of heavin,
reflects the crimson die.

3 Reviving nature blooms afresh,
while slumb'ring mortals wake ;
Recruited throngs now lift their heads,
and downy couch forsake.

4 All round his bed a heav'ly guard,
their midnight vigils kept ;
Just o'er his head their tents were pitch'd,
while he in safety slept.

5 Man summon'd by the springing dawn,
now mounts life's stage a-new,
And hastes to act another scene
before the gazing crew.

6 Beware, my soul ; perform it well ;
the closing act draws on ;
No man can right parts ill-sustain'd,
when all the scenes are done.

7 The hosts on high behold each act,

still on thy weal intent ;
To aid thee through the harder parts,
bright choirs are downward sent.

8 Mind, heav'n defrays the high expence,
and lights thee at its cost :
Make haste ; with sliding hours keep pace,
nor let its pains be lost.

9 O ! prize each day ; how much 'tis worth,
an angel cannot tell :
It heaves thee nearer on its wing,
or to an heav'n, or hell.

10 Altho' at eve day seems to die,
and in night's grave to rot ;
Perhaps a thousand days wth thee,
are all at once forgot.

11 Soon from their graves you'll see them rise,
and in grim forms appear ;
In stain'd array fring'd with black deeds,
their dreary ghosts you'll hear.

12 With ill blot not the face of day,
'twill soon resent the wrong ;
Its deep upbraidings oft are heard,
'midst the infernal throng.

CXLIX. A M O S V. 8.

Now night unfolds her spreading veil,
and quickly clothes the sky ;
She teases out her fleecy clouds,
to dim man's soaring eye.

Anon she pulls the curtain by,
and shews her well-train'd bands,
Who march along, or make a pause,

as the Most HIGH commands.

- 3 Now calm'd at once the din of day,
all nature round is still ;
No sound disturbs the silent air,
but the small murmur ring still.
- 4 What numbers in night's mantle wrapp'd,
account themselves unseen ;
Unmindful that th' unslumb'ring eye
can pierce this midnight screen.
- 5 That darksome cloud, when tenfold laid,
may hide the face of night ;
But from that bright omniscient eye,
cannot eclipse the light.
- 6 Now day is fled, and on its wing
has snatch'd my deeds away ;
And in review before my JUDGE,
each secret with will lay.
- 7 While on the stage man acts his part,
day proves a watchful spy ;
And to repeat the tale again,
ev'n in his thoughts will pry.
- 8 Yea, of life's dark and secret scenes,
report is nightly made ;
Which from the volumes of the sky,
shall in dread hour be read.
- 9 Be jealous then o'er passing days,
and note each rising thought ;
Assur'd that from day's blotted book,
sad vouchers will be brought.
- 10 Ay at the shut of gloomy eve,
at thy own bar still stand ;
Review past hours, and with the day

be still before the hand.

CL. P R O V. III. 17.

Oft balmy gales breathe sweet around,
religion's peaceful way :
light lamps on high o'er it still blaze,
and shed perpetual day.

Delightful whispers heard within,
the man with transports fill ;
and noisy passion's clam'rous din,
to instant calm they still.

Tho' prickly thorns often spring
in path that leads to GOD ;
The journeyers thro' each age attest,
it is a joyous road.

What tho' it oft lies up the hill,
beneath a scorching ray ?
Yet prospects there spread 'fore the sight,
this labour more than pay.

Behind, what beauteous sights present,
before his wondring eyes ?
His steps safe guided thro' yon snares,
in grateful mood he spies.

He views the everlasting hills
in all their verdure rise ;
And round their sides the blissful plain,
far far extended lies.

His future happy bow'r unfolds,
with splendor brighten'd round ;
Where hallelujahs to the throne,
he'll soon unwearying sound.

Sometimes th' envious spreading cloud,

this

this distant land may hide,
Yet constant in this peaceful road,
his footsteps then abide.

9 If 'neath black storms his courage droop,
heav'n's consolations shear ;
Until the darksome clouded skies
begin apace to clear.

10 But Oh ! his sun all radiant sets,
at life's bright evening's close ;
While joy that streams beneath the throne,
quite thro' his bosom flows.

CLI. I S A. XLII. 3. 3.

A Spark struck from the rock divine,
first lights religion's flame ;
And on cold hearths of human hearts,
heav'n keeps alive the same.

2 What wonder tho' its blaze decay,
and fire so sacred die,
When hell to quench the infant coal,
ten thousand arts can try ?

3 But be not sad, ye happy few,
this heat who early knew ;
Tho' now beneath thick embers hid,
'twill soon be blown a-new.

4 The breath that kindl'd yonder sun,
and clears the lamps of night ;
Will stir afresh that heay'nly flame,
and bid it rise full bright.

5 When like the tender flax it smokes,
and forms the circling cloud ;
He will not quench the new-born spark,

he loves the dawn of good.

'Tis Jesus on the human mind,
begets each pious thought ;
him from out the opening womb,
each heav'ly wish is brought.

Sure then, this offspring of a God,
must not deserted ly ;
Their gracious parent from above,
will hear their infant cry.

Fear not, whose purposes are young,
what tho' not yet span-long,
the embryo 'neath his nursing hand,
will soon grow full and strong.

If from thy mind the faintest dawn,
has chac'd immoral night ;
ill hope that an eternal day
will shed its noon-tide light.

CLII. LUKE XIV. 22.

YE men unwise who 'midst this vale,
in quest of pleasures roam,
o more this empty chance pursue,
now turn your footsteps home.

The gates of paradise stand wide,
and bow'r's within disclose ;
While still along these heav'ly plains,
perpetual rapture flows.

There's room within this royal court,
what seats are vacant still ?
haste before the doors are barr'd,
and some fair mansion fill.

There mayst thou taste unmix'd delights,

fresh

fresh bubbling from their spring ;
While lightsome moments on their wings,
new exstasies still bring.

- 5 Within the father's yearning heart,
there's yet a boundless space,
And wilt thou for a mire of sense,
renounce that blissful place ?
- 6 Tho' spotted o'er with hell-hu'd stains,
view JESUS' pierced side ;
O ! haste and bathe thy crimes away,
there's room in that blest tide.
- 7 At that broad board where seraphs sit,
see vacancies abound :
O ! how unwise, to nest below,
when room may there be found ?
- 8 In volumes of eternal life,
blank pages still remain ;
Haste now, and get thy name enroll'd ;
soon will th' attempt be vain.
- 9 Life's bundle is not yet too large,
there mayst thou still be bound ;
There's ample room to pitch thy tent
on heav'n's wide-spreading ground.
- 10 Some golden harps as yet are spare,
thy fingers to employ :
Above thou mayst these songsters join,
and swell the general joy.

CLIII. T I T U S II. 13

IN frozen circles near the pole,
dark days we mortals spend ;
Ay waiting 'till creation's SUN

his course to us-ward bend.

2 From Olivet, long ages since,

he mounted far on high ;

Ay since, in dusky hemisphere,

we mortals panting lie.

3 Bright from the mount, that morn he rose,

o'er heav'n shed purest day ;

While all the songful ranks above,

stand basking in his ray.

4 His distant beams our twilight form,

bright streamers cheer our night ;

Till he revisit this our clime,

and put the shades to flight.

5 My panting breast incessant longs

to see that morning rise ;

When fairer than ten thousand suns,

he'll rend the parting skies.

6 His absence round this distant world,

perpetual winter keeps ;

And earth's dark clouded horizon,

the pearly dew still weeps.

I, tiresome, weather thro' the night,

and 'midst deep languor lie ;

Neath load of tedious hours I groan,

still for the dawning sigh.

Yet still I'll patient spend my hours,

beneath surrounding gloom ;

Mur'd his rays will usher spring,

fresh with eternal bloom.

Soon will my soul with transports glow,

when in blest hour I hear

The skies with acclamations ring,

while JESUS shall draw near.

10 'Till he arrive, I'll feed on hope,
and make a plenteous meal ;
For sure, the promise of a GOD,
can ne'er his creature fail.

CLIV. I S A. XL. 12.

THOU, heav'n's tremendous mighty KING
I tremble at thy name :
High hosts but faintly lisp thy praise,
and half thy deeds proclaim.

2 Thou rounded all these heav'nly orbs,
and bowl'd them from thy hand ;
Which at thy bidding shoot along,
or when thou nods, they stand.

3 From 'midst the cistern of thy hand,
thou pour'd the noisy deep ;
Whose surges clap affrighting hands,
or hush'd by thee, they sleep.

4 Thy fingers spann'd the azure sky,
affign'd each star its place ;
Thou smooth'd for each, a spacious road,
lin'd thro' unthought-of space.

5 Thou gaug'd the yielding hills of sand,
that smoothly pave the shore ;
Which curb th' impatient lawless waves,
while all enrag'd they roar.

6 Each fragment of the rugged rock,
in thy just scales were weigh'd ;
And all the proud aspiring hills
were in thy ballance try'd.

7 Who led thy blest unerring hand,
or lent his mighty aid ?

When on its strong unshaken base,
the pond'rous earth was staid ?

8 Who drew creation's wond'rous plan,
or sketcht its prospects out ?

Who sat in council, when thou fixt
the comet's tedious rout ?

9 When nature's God-like laws were fram'd,
who penn'd its ruder draught ?

Who did the depths of wisdom found,
or first thee knowledge taught ?

10 Thour't wisdom's infinite abyss ;
its streams from thee do flow :

Thou taught the seraph first to speak,
and earliest lessons know.

CLV. *The same continued from ver. 15.*

WHAT image can pourtray a GOD,
his faintest likeness show ?

Whose hand the features shall draw out,
by which a GOD to know ?

2 Whole nations vanish into smoke,
and all their grandeur dies,

Like oceans shrivell'd to a drop,
before his piercing eyes.

3 The haughty cedars waving high,
on tops of *Lebanon*,

Would prove a scanty flame to heave
sweet incense round his throne.

4 The herds that o'er each valley side,
thro' flow'ry herbage rove ;

All on his sacred altars pil'd,
would but scrimp off'ring prove.

5 On circle of this earthly globe,
he rears his lofty seat ;
Its tenants, like the grasshopper,
but hiss beneath his feet.

6 He weaves the spacious heav'ns on high,
as curtains for his throne :
He stretch'd their edges far abroad,
to fix his tent upon.

7 The princes vanish into air,
and seem but puny things ;
Decisions of the judge are vain,
before the KING of KINGS.

8 Survey the azure fields above,
who marshall'd yonder host ;
And leads more num'rous legions forth,
than Xerxes yet could boast.

9 He musters up their starry ranks,
which move within his eye ;
And circuit the surrounding heav'ns,
or at his nod stand by.

CLVI. *The same continued from ver. 27.*

Why, Jacob, did that impious sound
once from thy mouth proceed,
That he who rules these upper worlds,
of men takes little heed ?

2 How could that monstrous thought be hatch'd,
that acts secreted lie
From his broad eye, whose slightest glance
rolls o'er immensity ?

3 Who knows not that th' eternal GOD
who join'd earth's utmost ends,

To eve, beneath a load of cares,
his wearied shoulder bends !

He faints not 'neath the blaze of day ;
nor at night's gloomy hour
needs gentle sleep, around his head,
its balmy blessings pour ?

With might, the faint he oft inspires,
and chears the drooping minds :
From him the wither'd lifeless arm
the new born vigour finds.

Amidst the earliest bloom' of youth,
men tiresome days may wail ;
but, when the cheek with vigour glows,
the youthful heart may fail.

But those who on a GOD are staid,
in strength shall hourly thrive ;
till at a high angelick pitch,
they in blest time arrive.

On pinions strong, they soar aloft,-
as on the eagle's wing ;
till with unceasing ardour pant,
to reach th' ALMIGHTY KING.

Unwearied in the paths of GOD,
each cheerful morn they run ;
but for the briars that line the road,
will these their duty shun.

With steady footsteps shall they walk,
where heav'n may point the way ;
shall their spirits ever fail,
amidst the sultry day.

CLVII. H A B. I. 13.

How can the purest eyes of God,
iniquity behold ;
And like unmov'd spectator seem,
when vice is grown so bold ?

- 2 Can truth eternal see deceit
her double visage rear ;
And hollow-hearted treach'rous man,
the mask of friendship wear ?
- 3 How can strict justice hold its tongue,
and wrapt in silence stand ;
When bold invaders of its right,
are joining hand in hand ?
- 4 Can thus thy arm of vengeance hang
unstretched by thy side ;
When impious crowds, to tear the just,
their jaws are op'ning wide ?
- 5 Because they dare to own a God,
'tis hence dire quarrels rise :
They're hunted down, because their mouths
they set not 'gainst these skies.
- 6 Oft lawless pow'r decides the strife ;
men weak are prey to strong :
Like as the monsters of the deep,
the finny tribes among.
- 7 As reptiles oft devour their mates,
man's swallow'd by his kind :
The cords of right that thou ordain'd,
their arms do not bind.
- 8 How well they bait disguised hooks,
and slyly set the gin ;

Impatient 'till the spreading net
close human prey within ?

9 'Tis mercy's day, else justice' hand
would not its stroke restrain ;

Omniscience sees their day approach,
and counts their success vain.

10 Each causeless groan will soon be paid
full twice ten thousand fold ;

When all the just are wrapt in bliss,
to human ears untold.

CLVIII. P S A L. LXIX. 20.

What tho' the sharp envenom'd tongue,
its rankest poison dart ;

Tho' of my wounded bleeding fame,
I feel the causeless smart ?

My reputation, like the rose,
envious breath may blast ;

One whisper o'er a name renown'd,
the deepest stain will cast.

Yet he that sees my rising heart
the deed alledg'd abhor ;

Will soon these clippings from my fame,
with usury restore.

Bear up, my soul ; a hand divine
will cleanly wipe each blot :

Or will he, on th' unguilty name,
leave one remaining spot.

Then let my heart its akings cease,
when slander aims its blow :

The arrows that disturb thy peacee,
are shot from malice' bow.

6 Let not the wound, tho' unprovok'd,
once set my sp'rit on edge ;
Nor let the waves of boiling hate
within my bosom rage.

7 Let not my lips, with poison'd notes
infect the yielding air ;
Suppress each working of revenge,
each breath of anger spare.

8 Let justice yield the vengeance due ;
to it make calm appeal :
Then judgment like the noon of day,
impartial heav'n will deal.

9 Quit not the path by it prescrib'd,
tho' thro' reproach it lie ;
Tho' bit by slander's cank'ring teeth,
ne'er from thy duty fly.

10 Integrity that knows no blush,
within me constant dwell ;
Then shall th' approaching day of GOD,
acquit 'fore earth and hell.

CLIX. R O M. XIV. 4.

How oft we see a mortal man,
ev'n God's tribunal mount ;
To scan the deeds of fellow-men,
and call them to account ?

2 Oft proudly seated on the bench,
they boldly states decide ;
As if by their harsh verdict past,
the JUDGE were to abide.

3 How daring in an earth-bred worm
heav'n's province to invade !

Nor of their own approaching doom,
one moment stand afraid.

4 To summon thus before their bar,
is impiously bold ;
Unless the windows of man's breast
should to their eyes unfold.

5 Who can unerring judgment pass,
that's stranger to the will ?
How far that mistress of the soul,
approv'd th' alledged ill.

6 Still shun, my soul, th' advent'rous deed,
the wrong decision dread ;
Lest he that weighs the fates of men,
wreak vengeance on thy head.

7 When did the master yet give leave
his servant thus to call ;
And fist him at a lawless bar,
his judgment to forestall ?

8 O let me ne'er such pow'r assume :
the JUDGE will sure resent ;
And soon repeal th' unrighteous doom,
and hear the injur'd's 'plaint.

9 O ! thou whose scales will soon be rais'd,
the weight of men to know ;
Bold censures on my fellow men,
leave not my lips to throw.

10 At that tribunal in my breast,
teach me, myself to try ;
And in the ballances of right,
each day attempt to weigh.

CLX. II. CHRON. VI. 18.

Will he that fills th' eternal throne,
 celestial glories drown ?
And on this footstool deign to tread,
 so distant from his crown ?

2 Ev'n the ethereal plains are scrimp,
 for dwellings of a **GOD** ;
The starry pavement could not bear
 the weight of his abode.

3 These upper courts on *Zion* hill,
 that raise their heads so high ;
Cannot contain the **GOD** whose glance
 an universe can spy.

4 Not the unmeasur'd fields of light,
 can hold his dwelling place ;
Who unconfin'd to paradise,
 ay fills the boundless space.

5 What tho' his throne, by cherubs borne,
 'nearth high pavilion shine ?
Yet all its curtains clos'd around,
 his glories can't confine.

6 Will he then bend these yielding heav'ns,
 and leave the worlds on high ?
In cloudy chariot haste him down,
 or midst the whirlwinds fly ?

7 In an apartment rais'd of stone,
 will the **Most HIGH** abide ?
Or on an orb so far remote,
 one passing day reside ?

8 What dome by mortal hands pil'd up,
 can yield him meet retreat ;

When

When all the rolling spheres above,
are tramp'l'd 'neath his feet?

9 No, no ; the pliant yielding mind
is his supreme delight ;

Long 'fore the heart's thrice bolted gates,
this Sov'REIGN deigns to wait.

10 When first he roof'd the spacious mind,
he ciel'd a mansion bright ;
That when reviewing this our orb,
he might therein alight.

11 Thus when for ends supremely wise,
his downward flight is bent ;
Then o'er th' extended fields of thought,
is pitch'd his royal tent.

CLXI. MICAH. VI. 6.

1 N wh at attire must I approach
his seat who dwells on high ?

Or bow before his awful shrine,
who fills immensity ?

2 Shall I blow up the hallow'd flame,
and make his altars smoke ;
While the unharzing lamb draws near,
to meet the fatal stroke ?

3 Or shall I dip my guilty hands,
deep in a crimson flood ?

And sprinkle round the kindling pile,
the virgin heifer's blood ?

4 Or shall the bleating flocks that graze
on yonder valleys side,
Be led from all the pastures wide,
and for his victims tied ?

5 Or must th' unnigard olive pour
her fat libations down ;

And thro' ten thousand channels flow,
to yield my GOD a beon ?

6 What if, t' appeafe almighty ire,
my smiling fuckling bleed ;

And this fair firstling from my loins,
attone for each misdeed ?

7 Not ev'n ten thousand smoaking worlds,
could thy attonement prove ;

Nor once a frowning GOD on high,
from ireful purpose move.

8 From off the everlasting hills,
heav'n's spotless LAMB was slain ;

Whose deep-dy'd vital streams, alone,
can purge guilt's deepest stain.

9 Since justice bids the troubled breast
its rising fears forego ;

Still hears each penitential cry,
and bids sweet mercy flow.

10 With him, thy peaceful GOD, henceforth,
thy humble footsteps move ;

And let thy bosom still, like his,
to others piteous prove.

11 Th' impartial scales of justice poize,
and well thy actions weigh ;

Still by the touchstone heav'n vouchsafes,
each rising purpose try.

CLXII. I S A. L.I. L.I.

T He saints on high look wishful down
to view the grave's damp bed ;

- All sympathetick with their dust,
in yonder charnels spread.
- 2 Still undefirous that their flesh
such rapt'rous gusts should lose ;
Ay longing 'till their death-seal'd eyes,
their lids at last unclose.
- 3 They wait impatient, 'till the earth
in mingling blaze shall burn ;
'Till once the grave shall quit her hold,
and loose her captives turn.
- 4 GOD's ransom'd then from slumbers start,
and leave the peaceful tomb ;
Flush'd with immortal bloom, they reach
their everlasting home.
- 5 The heights of *Zion* safe they mount,
crown'd with eternal joy ;
The praises of *MESSIAH*'s grace,
their new strung harps employ.
- 6 Along the vales of paradise,
they suck mellifluous dews ;
From flowers which on these sunny hills,
display their blushing hues.
- 7 An overflowing cup they taste,
with joys charg'd to the brim ;
Amidst the waters of delight,
full oft around they swim.
- 8 No lowering clouds their views eclipse,
no showers of grief distill ;
No hoary frost their comforts nip,
or once their blossoms kill.
- 9 Their cheeks in yonder crystal spring,
purg'd off adhering brine ;

And they fresh with immortal youth,
in height of lustre shine.

10 No heaving sighs their bosoms swell,
all sorrow's mists are fled ;
And ruddy cloudless skies above,
are glowing in their stead.

11 Each morn imprints a fairer look,
on flowers of paradise ;
Which sweeter scents perpetual yeild,
while thro' its vales they rise.

CLXIII. S A M. III. 18.

Blest be the hand that spread so wide,
to pour its favours down ;
Whose blessings fresh, each rising day,
my guilty head does crown.

2 Thee too, with grateful strains, I praise,
who dost at times recall ;
And of thy own call back a part,
who gave me first my all.

3 The rising sun oft saw me glad,
by what thy mercy sent ;
And now shall see me patient yield
what heav'n so long has lent.

4 How base, when oft the human heart
swells high with discontent ;
Because for gracious long-us'd loan,
a GOD his order sent ?

5 Oft when the comfort takes its wing,
and bids a long adieu ;
The briny tears soon at the sight,
apace begin to brew.

6 And then the sad reluctant heart,
its sobbings heaves on high ;

The mind unquiet echo's loud
the deep resounding sigh.

7 O how I blush to feel this heart,
ev'n at its MAKER rise !

And his all-wise procedure tax,
who dwells in yonder skies.

8 Why sigh, altho' one stream decay,
when the blest ocean flows ?

Still rolling an eternal tide,
which love divine still blows.

9 Altho' one nether spring's run dry,
my GOD has seen it meet ;
And from some other fountain, soon
can send me streams more sweet.

10 This dear delight thy hand has cropt,
did at thy breathing spread ;
How fit, that when thy time was come,
thy blast should make it fade ?

11 Thou gave it, and my heart was glad,
methought 'twas wing'd with love ;
Now when thou claims it back again,
still kinder it may prove.

12 Short-fighted man no danger spies,
beyond the passing hour ;
Tho' clouds of ill were black'ning round,
full o'er his head to pour.

13 Thy all-discerning eye has view'd
yon mercy prove my share ;
lest be the hand that took his own,
nor did my darling spare.

CLXIV. JOHN VI. 68.

WHere shall the helpless sons of men,
for their protection fly ;
If thou the Rock whence they were hewn,
that shelter shall deny ?

2 O ! whither shall the guilty run,
but to sweet mercy's spring ?

And to that root whence reason grew,
with all their might still-cling ?

3 Where should benighted mortals turn,
but to the source of day ?

And in thy view stretch forth each pow'r,
to meet thy warming ray ?

4 If 'gainst me thou shalt shut the door,
whose threshold shall I tread ?

Shouldst thou thy mighty arm retire,
where shall I lay my head ?

5 Along both sides this vale of tears,
from flow'r to flow'r I rov'd ;

Their gaudy leaves still mock'd my hopes,
and merest shadows prov'd.

6 Now to the leaves of life's fair tree,
on feeble wing I soar ;

Whence angels suck delicious draughts,
and 'midst high warmth adore.

7 Let love divine conduct my way,
and bring a wanderer home ;

And hold me by the bands of man,
that I no more may roam.

8 Here LORD's my last, my sure resource,
here I am suré to speed ;

With thee nought lacks that can supply
a mortal's pressing need.

9. With thy unniggard hand fill up
each vacancy I feel ;
From HIM who bought eternal life,
I hope for endless weal.

CLXV. EXOD. XIX. 18.

O ! earth all o'er convulsive seems ;
her trembling bosom throbs :
These startlings flew her deep affright,
the heaving mountain sobs.

2 The tallest cliffs now nod their heads ;
the humbler hills do bend ;
These spreading plains do quake all o'er,
while rocks in sunder rend.

3 How just, when heaven throws wide its doors,
to let our GOD descend ;
Who 'midst unfathom'd glory wreath'd,
ay earth ward seems to tend.

4 The rising thunders tune their voice,
and roar his praises loud ;
The piercing lightnings glance full bright,
from 'midst the bursting cloud.

5 While godlike splendors beam too strong,
for human sight to view ;
He with thick darkness veil'd his throne,
and all its curtains drew.

6 The trump his errand now proclaims,
and summons nations round ;
He speaks ; hell's deepest caverns hear,
and at his word rebound.

Aw'd mortals 'neath th' Arabian mount,
in pensive clusters stand ;

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Each trembling knee its fellow smites,
while sounds heav'n's high command.

8 Increasing terrors fill each breast,
while louder notes sound high;

They mint in vain to hide their heads,
or from a GOD to fly.

9 If nature's pulse thus beat so strong,
when heav'n proclaim'd its law;
The day of doom 'ere long will fill
with an unthought-of awe.

10 O ! may these dictates of a GOD,
be graved on my mind;
And from these paths by wisdom lin'd,
no day me wand'ring find.

11 O grant me, LORD, to square each deed,
by golden rules of right;
That when the grand assizes come,
I may feel no affright.

CLXVI. P S A L. XXXVIII. 3.

I ll-boding guilt, with restless din,
man's breast most sharply stings;
The bubbling of its poison'd spring,
fresh scenes of horror brings.

2 Beneath a bright transparent sky,
man's joyous hours did glide;
Till from his GOD, in fatal hour,
his footsteps turn'd aside.

3 Since pale-hu'd dread, and grim despair,
in pensive minds still brood,
Thus haunted thro' life's toilsome course,
he steps in joyless mood.

Peace fledg'd her wings, that chearless morn,
and from our world took flight ;
Unpeaceful murmurs seiz'd its room,
and usher'd hopeless night.

3 Ay since, the mind, or soon or late,
unquiet tossing feels ;

Oft hoisted on guilt's roaring surge,
thro' black despair he reels.

4 Tho' for an instant, clouds subside,
and hope's bright rays do shine ;
Few suns will rise, when fresh involv'd
'neath guilty fears he'll pine.

5 From lake of sense, perpetual mists,
o'er reason's sky arise ;
And from hell's wide infernal sea,
the steam still upward flies.

6 How smart the pangs remorse can breed,
in spite all arts we try ?

Dread tortures rack the monarch's breast,
while all his guards stand by.

7 Strong-scented cordials art prepares,
to ease the growing pain ;

But Oh ! the patient still complains,
these medicines are vain.

8 To cheer this sad unpleasant hour,
mirth oft her taper lights ;

But, too, its melancholy ray,
the scene still more benights.

9 At times, man tries remorse to bribe,
for years believes it done ;

But still the throes redoubt'd rise,
when life's dark shades are gone.

10 O ! then the monster all engag'd,

just on his vitals preys ;
Self-gnawing torments then he feels,
while 'midst despair he brays.

CLXVII. J E R. VIII. 22.

Why should the tooth of black remorse,
thus gnaw the tortur'd mind ;
When by prescription of kind heav'ns,
man sure relief may find ?

2 Why is't that guilt's deep fest'ring wounds,
are hinder'd thus to close ?
When from on high, thro' every age,
the heav'nly balm still flows.

3 These leaves whence the redeemed hosts,
the healing juice did wring ;
Still in the paradise of God,
in all their verdure spring.

4 Nor need'st thou to the skies ascend,
to bring that foliage down ;
The wings of warm inflam'd desire,
will bring that blessing soon.

5 To JESUS dart thy ardent wish,
implore his helping hand ;
These drops with healing virtues fraught,
still shew'r at his command.

6 No ear IMMANUEL ever heard
the wounded's suit deny ;
Hell ne'er shall feel short pause in woe,
while he shuts out their cry.

7 Long practis'd in the healing art,
no sore defeats his skill :
No tongue will, on the day of doom,

allege his lack of will.

- 8 Each happy soul, now full infest
in yonder mansions high ;
Beneath guilt's dire infection groan'd,
and 'neath his hand did lie.
- 9 And all the sons of black despair,
who 'midst dire tortures yell,
Will own their fingers fram'd the weights
that dragg'd them down to hell.
- 10 Each mean of cure by him prescrib'd,
they treated with disdain ;
The counsel of this mighty KING,
they still accounted vain.

CLXVIII. J O H N VII. 37.

- W**hy does the pious purpose hang
unpoised in the mind ?
Why these resolves to serve your GOD,
still scatter'd by the wind ?
- 2 Why should you dread to meet repulse,
when back to me you turn ?
No soul relenting at my feet,
e'er from my sight I spurn.
- 3 Hell cannot shew one tortur'd wretch
who met my cold disdain ;
And found submissions to my throne,
when true, to be but vain.
- 4 That I'll shake off the soul that clings
fast to my royal word,
Is the aspersion thrown by fiends,
on their unpitying LORD.
- 5 Was it for man, distrustful man,

- I bow'd my head ~~sorrow~~
 That when his stubborn heart is won,
 I then disdain might show ?
- 6 'Twas dear I bought th' undying soul ;
 that prize I purchas'd high :
 And can I on them turn my back,
 and their embraces fly ?
- 7 Ay since the infancy of time,
 still for their weal I wake :
 My foes attempting to reclaim,
 ev'n those loth to forsake.
- 8 My cheeks were wet with sorrow's dews,
 o'er Hierusalem's fate :
 I saw these self-destroyers sink,
 amidst full deep regret.
- 9 Can then a trembling soul despond,
 midst penitential flows,
 That hears how still my breast to men
 with warmest transports glows ?
- 10 To me no profit can it yield,
 to crush immortal frames ;
 What pleasure can my bosom feel,
 to see them toss in flames ?
- 11 O ! let not rising fears disturb
 the humble sorrowing mind :
 For in the bosom of its God,
 no coldness it shall find.
- 12 Whoever feels the purpose dawn,
 with former toys to part,
 I'll instant welcome : let him yield
 to me his sorrowing heart.

CLXIX. JOHN V. 40.

- L**O! mortals, with unslacken'd pace,
To endless ruin flee;
Yet often charge the horrid deed
On my divine decree.
- 2 Thus with an impious mouth they tax
My mild eternal sway;
The ruin of immortal souls,
On me unheeding lay.
- 3 But Oh! how false that groundless charge,
These shining ranks can tell;
Who on these everlasting hills,
'midst endless raptures dwell.
- 4 These see my strong unwearying arm,
To clasp their souls spread wide;
But from my fond, my warm embrace,
Behold, men turn aside.
- 5 Each art that suits a son of choice,
On stubborn minds I try;
Yet from the joyous paths of right,
In quest of toys they fly.
- 6 To clip their wings by its decree,
Kind heav'n abhors the deed;
And warmly urges pow'r divine,
To aid them into speed.
- 7 By reason's early gross abuse,
They stop their tardy flight;
By trav'lling long the ways of ill,
They cannot tread the right.
- 8 Of human woe then how unjust,

that

that heav'n should bear the blame !
 On shoulders of each cast-away
 I'll justly throw the shame.

CLXX. P S A L. XXXV. 9.

Why is my lab'ring breast dismaid ?
 Can ought in nature make afraid,
 When on that GOD I've built my hope,
 Who is creation's mighty prop ?

- 2 But shall a worm such honour claim,
 To build upon th' eternal name ?
 Yes, yes ; he deign'd to dwell in clay,
 'To woo the creature of a day.
- 3 O rapt'rous thought ! will GOD be mine,
 And in strict bonds of friendship joint ?
 In his pavilion then I'll hide,
 And safe remain, whate'er betide.
- 4 No hand shall snatch me from his arms,
 Or fright my soul with dire alarms.
 Tho' foes pursue with deadly hate,
 Soon can he make their rage abate.
- 5 Tho' power with malice should combine,
 And hell with earth against me join ;
 Beneath thy shade I'll fearless lie,
 Their darts shall flee unheeded by.
- 6 When thro' ten thousand deaths I tread,
 What fear, when by his counsel led ?
 When ebbing comforts shall run low,
 Pure joys from him my soul shall know.
- 7 What tho' disasters round me rise,
 His watchful eye their motion spies :
 From healthful bloom tho' I decline,

And

- And joyless on a couch recline;
- 8 The hand that rear'd my brittle clay,
My sinking head with ease can stay ;
He'll bid the crimson fluid cease,
And speak the ferment into peace.
- 9 Or let the flames this cottage burn,
That human woes to bliss may turn ;
What tho' my wealth on wing should fly,
And make surrounding friends grow shy ?
- 10 Still my almighty FRIEND is nigh,
His stores for me uncover'd lie :
Tho' blacker ill should yet betal,
And friends, life's support, heav'n should call.
- 11 'Twill wean me from this fleeting scene,
And smooth the road to death's dark lane ;
Soon too I must resign my clay,
And meet these friends in brighter day.
- 12 Fearless I view my dying bed,
And all the horrors round it spread :
His smile will light the grave's dark room,
And shed rich fragrance thro' that gloom.
- 13 Why shrink to lay my flesh aside,
And plunge me in yon swelling tide ?
Tho' cold its stream, 'twill wait me o'er,
From isle of strife to peaceful shore.
- 14 When time's best scenes are all forgot,
With God on high shall be my lot :
Fresh raptures thro' my soul shall glide,
No cloud his blissful face shall hide.

CLXXI. 2 T I M. IV. 7, 8.

Ife's weary scenes are at an end,
On to eternity I bend ;

- The dusky shades now disappear,
Yon everlasting hills are near.
- 2 Amidst thick gloom oft have I trod,
And track'd a rugged thorny road :
This gladsome view makes full amends,
That rough-path'd way now joyous ends.
- 3 Blest hour, to heav'n I turn'd my face,
And tasted of its streaming grace :
Life more than mortal strongly beams,
I draw its gently flowing streams.
- 4 Life's bud at last begins to blow,
To fairest blossom soon 'twill grow.
It faintly dawn'd, 'till this blest day,
Like morning with its earliest ray.
- 5 But now I feel a noon-tide gleam,
Around my head bright glories beam ;
Beyond life's threshold, now I spy
A glorious immortality.
- 6 The worlds above, spread to my sight,
For mortal eyes by far too bright.
Strike off sweet airs, ye blessed choir,
To your bright thrones I'm drawing near.
- 7 Sweet JESUS, JESUS, make no stay,
My raptur'd soul can't bruit delay :
Thy smiles have wak'd such strong desire,
That all my pow'rs to thee aspire.
- 8 Nought will thy absence e'er supply,
If thou th' ETERNAL draw not nigh.
My heart-strings loose, to thee I'll soar,
And then my soul shall pant no more.
- 9 No anxious thought my soul annoys ;
My GOD my ev'ry pow'r employs :

- Farewell each scene I leave behind,
To part with you, no pain I find.
- 10 Adieu, thou orient source of day ;
I go to bask in brighter ray :
I need no more the moon's faint light,
I go where spreads no darksome night.
- 11 To starry lamps I bid adieu,
For now I see far brighter view.
Farewell, ye friends who round me throng,
I'm list'ning to the seraph's song.
- 12 Welcome an everlasting day,
I quit, I quit my house of clay.
Welcome the GODHEAD, Three in One,
I wing me onward to the throne.
- 13 All hail, ye circling guards on high,
Who keep close vigils thro' the sky :
In midst your ranks I'll take my place,
And praise, for ay, redeeming grace.

CLXXII. 2 C O R. VIII. 9.

- T**He potter moulds the pliant clay,
Which to the former ne'er says nay.
The wheel full strangely turn'd around,
When 'midst the clay the potter's found.
- 2 First born of GOD, yet see him deign
To be of flesh once born again.
See him that spann'd the azure sky,
Mean shrivell'd in his cradle lie.
- 3 Round him he folds the shades of night,
Disrob'd of uncreated light.
See him his shining train disband,
That he 'mong brutal herds may land,

- 4 He o'er creation curtains spread
 Yet had no hangings round his bed
 O ! fathomless mysterious plan
 To see man's maker made a man.
- 5 The HEIR OF ALL THINGS render'd poor,
 Bereft of all in natal hour.
 In fair array he seraphs clad,
 All heav'n and earth at's beard are fed.
- 6 Yet naked came he from the womb,
 'Midst want he travell'd to his tomb.
 Illustrious view, to see him bend,
 And from heav'n's heights so low descend.
- 7 He rais'd the eye-lids of the morn,
 Yet stoops to be of woman born.
 He hing'd the doors on yander deep,
 And bids its raging billows sleep.
- 8 His fingers spread the fleecy cloud,
 To swathe the foaming angry flood :
 Yet see, O heav'n's ! his mighty hand
 Was straitned by a swaddling band.
- 9 From where seraphic strains rebound,
 He deign'd to bear the lowing sound :
 Th' ETERNAL's made a child of time,
 To purge his creatures crimson crime,
- 10 Day's ancient SOURCE, an infant lay,
 Close grated round by bars of clay :
 While from his hand, the angels fed,
 He in the manger made his bed.

CLXXXIII. D E U T. XXXII. 29.

LO ! how the downward road men throng,
 And do themselves eternal wrong.

See

- See clusters waving o'er the deep,
Regardless of death's awful sweep.
- In blackest crimes, some madly boast,
As if impatient to be lost :
Behold these swarms just passing by,
And pushing to eternity.
- Unlike immortals do they run ;
Nought, nought but heav'n they seek to shun
Their backs on him that gave them breath,
They haste to meet eternal death.
- Sure flower steps might reach this end ;
Some with less toil to heav'n do bend.
Stop then, O stop this fond pursuit,
Before your number'd sands be out.
- Breathe but a moment ; look behind,
Scenes full of horror there you'll find :
Life's journey now is almost run,
Your course to God not yet begun.
- Look forward too ; say, where's your hope,
When round this scene the curtains drop ?
A GOD in frowns you'll see above ;
Your ireful judge, full soon he'll prove.
- Below, the boiling lake still flows ;
The breath divine its tide still blows.
Again survey your breast within,
Feel nightly gnawings there begin,
- Like pangs of an eternal hell,
As guilt-stung wretches oft can tell :
On this dread state, O ! man, bethink,
Thou stands on ruin's breaking brink.

CLXXIV. JOB XIV. 1.

A Long time's hurrying stream I glide,
To plunge in an eternal tide :
Each day, in years I deeper sink,
And tread near the vast ocean's brink.

- 2 How fast each moment speeds its flight !
'Ere the next pulse, 'tis wing'd from sight :
My bygone hours are all forgot ;
Deep in oblivion's grave they rot.
- 3 My number'd days are dying fast ;
The present hour just breathes its last :
How many have I stabb'd to death ?
Of precious seasons clos'd the breath ?
- 4 Of murder'd hours, the ghosts I dread,
May some dark night sad terror breed :
I lash'd the tedious hours to speed ;
Yet to their flight gave little heed.
- 5 What folly 'tis in thoughtless man,
To weary thus o'er life's short span ?
Grand work he has, to fill his hands,
While sliding down his number'd sands.
- 6 Not ev'n the hoariest head can lay,
He has no work, life's closing day.
O ! what is life ? a fleeting shade ;
Its fairest scenes are quickly fled.
- 7 Full big in prospect it may seem,
But in review, a midnight dream :
Life's brittle thread is quickly spun,
And soon its painful race is run.
- 8 'Tis too, a rough and joyless way ;
Gloom oft o'ercasts the noon of day :

'Till man once reach his lonely tomb,
He never bursts life's darksome womb.

CLXXV. H E B. IX. 27.

NO lane of life frail man can run,
Where he the stroke of death may shun :
All ages past have own'd his sway,
And captives in his prison lie.

- 2 In life's wide field he's victor still ;
Tho' countless slain his regions fill :
No mail can break his vengeful blow ;
No hand in twain can wrest his bow.
- 3 None can pull back his poison'd dart,
Or balsam to its wound impart :
See death alone in battle stand,
Yet sweeping down a num'rous band.
- 4 See healthful bloom droop at his nod ;
Age stoops beneath his stretched rod :
And can his stroke e'er prove surprise,
When his sharp arrow hourly flies ?
- 5 If myriads fall, just at our side,
Unwarned then, none can abide :
Methinks I see th' advancing foe,
Preparing fast, his lance to throw.
- 6 Long has he in my footsteps trode,
And track'd me in life's thorny road :
My gliding hours he'll quickly snatch,
Ev'n while I keep the strictest watch.
- 7 My youthful days are in his pow'r ;
His too, 'ere long, this passing hour :
Apace he puts my days to death,
Before he draw my parting breath.

8 If from thy blow, there's no release,
O ! prove the messenger of peace :
Grim monarch, lay thy sting aside,
Before thou stop life's flowing tide.

F I N I S.